

No. 6054

PUNCH, SEPTEMBER 22 1900

VOL. CXXIX

9^d

Punch





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At last there is a hotel that fits the many-sided activities of life in London. By day your Westbury room serves as a background for business or entertaining; by night, a tranquil refuge for relaxation. Every room has a private bathroom and shower. Every comfort you demand from a modern hotel is readily available. Rates from £3.10.0 single, £6.0.0 double. No service charge. Member of C.C.F. Phone Mayfair 7755. Overseas cables Westburotl, London. If you would like us to send a brochure, write Guest Service 21, The Westbury, Bond Street, London, W.1.

A KNOTT HOTEL

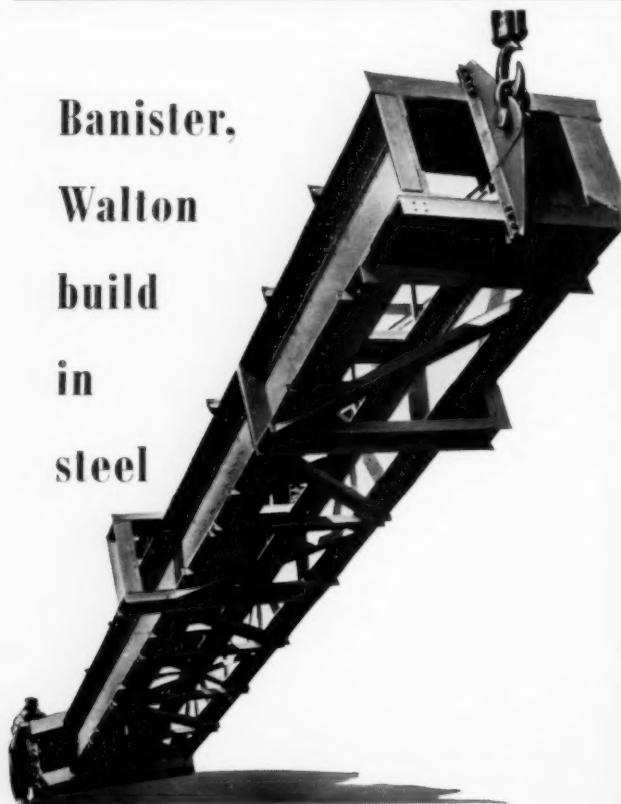
the Westbury

THE LONDON HOTEL WITH A NEW CONCEPTION OF SERVICE



21

Banister,
Walton
build
in
steel



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By Royal Command

'Take a shop,' said the Prince, and Mr. Marcovitch, who, a hundred years ago, was making his cigarettes in an obscure room near Piccadilly knew that their excellence had made him famous. Ever since, Marcovitch Cigarettes have been made to the same high standards as won the approval of that Eminent Personage and his friends; they are rolled of the very finest tobacco, for the pleasure of those whose palates appreciate perfection.



Marcovitch
BLACK AND WHITE
cigarettes for Virginia smokers

25 for 5/9

Also **BLACK AND WHITE**
SMOKING MIXTURE
2 oz. tin 10/-

Blessing in heavy disguise



The failure to find the Philosopher's Stone was a blessing in heavy disguise.

Finding it today would mean slow death from boredom. Without lead, for soldering, there would be no electric light bulbs, no radio valves, no television.

Not even this to read ; because without lead type there would be no magazines.

By any industrial standards, lead is more valuable than gold.

The people who know about this invaluable metal are Associated Lead.



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300 rooms, many with air-conditioning and private balconies. Magnificent home of the world-famous Rendez vous Supper Room



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With Patented Cradle Construction.
In hunting Suede or burnished Calf.
Natural Plantation crepe rubber soles.



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In all the best shops.
Insist on Genuine
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GERMANY CANADA SOUTH AFRICA INDIA SWEDEN NORWAY DENMARK EIRE

— the most heavenly shave on earth !



NEW!

ERASMIC Shaving Creams

— FOR COMFORT THAT'S OUT OF THIS WORLD !

LATHER CREAM

Just squeeze — and you've a brushful of bristle-softening bliss! So comfortable, you hardly know the blade is there.

TUBE AND JAR

BRUSHLESS CREAM

For enthusiasts of the no-brush method—the same comfort. No razor-pull, no soreness — even on those tender places.

TUBE AND JAR



P.S. ERASMIC STICK IS BRITAIN'S BIGGEST SELLER!
— proof that if you like the stick way of shaving you cannot buy a better stick. REFILL 1/2¹/₂ HOLDER 2/-

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one piece flexible cap

KANGOL CAP

Cleator
Cumberland England

Among a steadily growing circle

of wholly satisfied smokers, no tobacco

enjoys a higher esteem than



Player's "No Name"

[PNN 83]



Prize Aberdeen-Angus Bull



It's a question of breeding....

A GOOD SCOTCH is an aristocrat. It traces its lineage to the fine whiskies which go into its blending—whiskies in the case of Ballantine's from as many as forty-two different localities. On the quality of these whiskies, and the skill in their blending, depends the character of the matured Scotch.

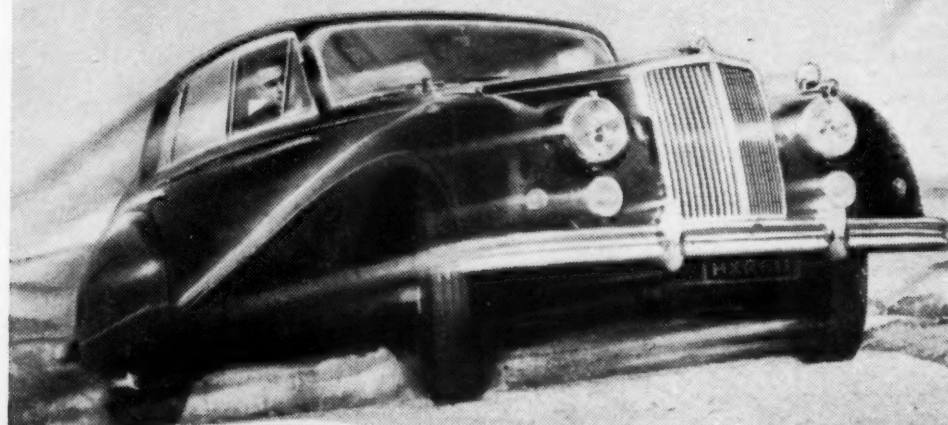
The blenders who practise their art at Dumbarton are fortunate enough to work to a tradition already over a century old. To-day their skill is backed and maintained by the resources of scientists who work, not to supplant their skill, but to preserve it.

This care is amply repaid. All over the world men recognise the breeding of their favourite whisky—Ballantine's—the superb Scotch.

Ballantine's
THE SUPERB SCOTCH

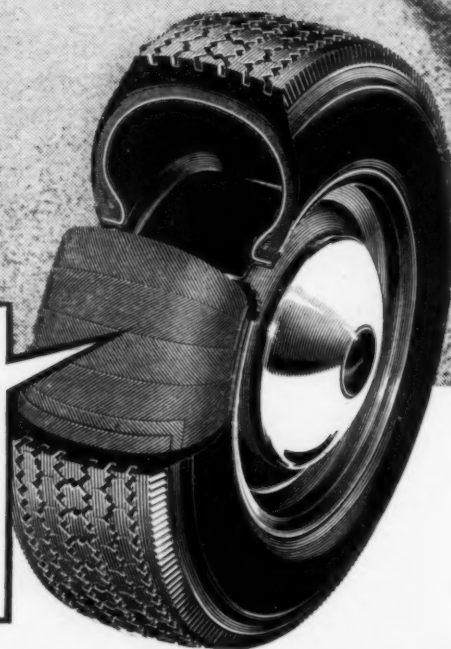
GEORGE BALLANTINE & SON LTD., DUMBARTON, SCOTLAND. EST. 1827. DISTILLERS AT FORRES, ELGIN, BRECHIN, DUMBARTON

Amazing safety of new tubeless tyres

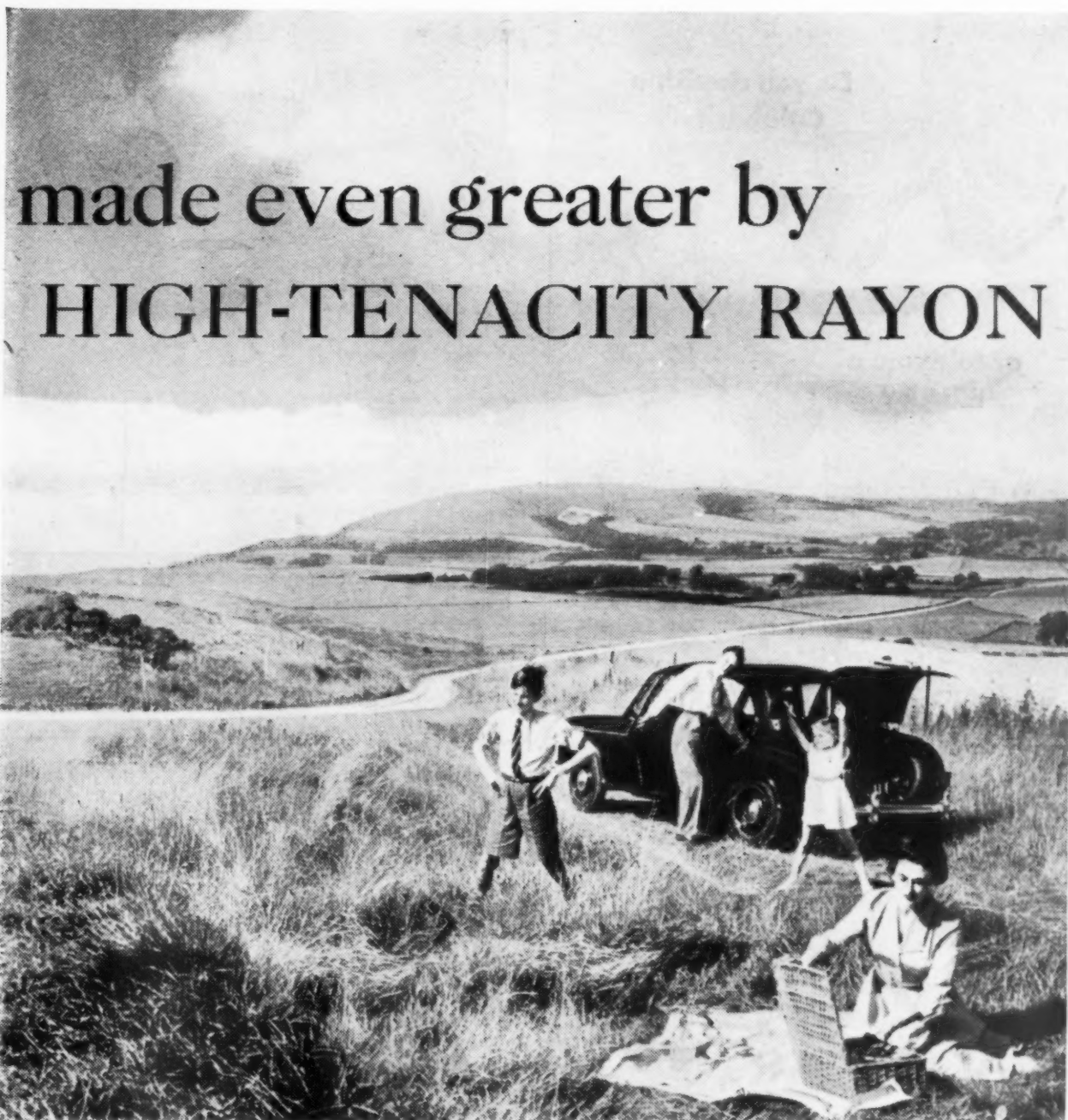


SAFETY COMES FROM THE INSIDE

What are tyres made of? Rubber, of course, but not only rubber. Inside the rubber there are layers of reinforcing textile; and in 95% of bus, car and lorry tyres, whether tubeless or standard, this textile is High-Tenacity Rayon. High-Tenacity Rayon was specially developed for the job. It is very strong indeed, yet flexible; it stands up to the stresses, strains and temperatures of high-speed motoring with far reduced risk of breakdown. It gives greater safety, and adds extra mileage to tyre life.



You're *safer* when you ride on RAYON!



made even greater by HIGH-TENACITY RAYON

Thousands of families now relax with this extra motoring safeguard

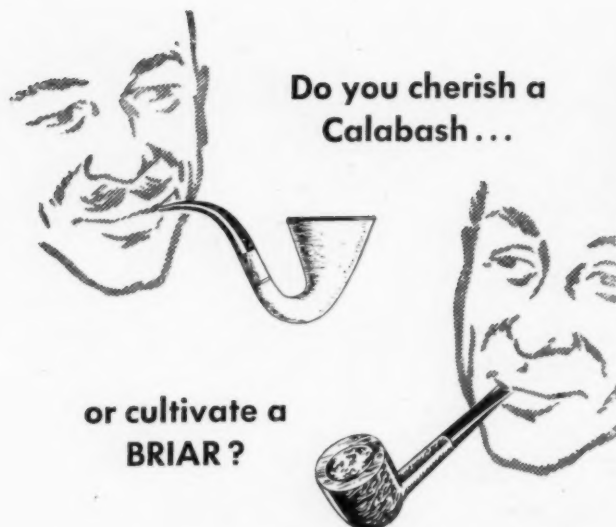
The astonishing resistance of the new tubeless tyres to blow-outs and punctures owes much to the great strength of High-Tenacity Rayon Cord. These new tyres, like most tyres on the road today, are made with this amazingly strong Tyre Cord.

It was first developed by Courtaulds in 1936, and in 1942 large-scale expansion took place to meet the urgent demands of

war. Since then, the resistance to fatigue of Courtaulds Rayon Cord has been greatly increased, and its strength improved by as much as 30%. Every year, more and more rayon tyres are in use, covering more millions of miles in safety. Today, High-Tenacity Rayon Cord is acknowledged to be the world's leading tyre cord.

COURTAULDS HIGH-TENACITY RAYON

THE WORLD'S LEADING TYRE CORD



Do you cherish a
Calabash ...

or cultivate a
BRIAR?

Whatever shape your pipe—



FILL IT WITH
CAPSTAN
MEDIUM NAVY CUT TOBACCO

It's good! It's sure to be—it's made by Wills

4/9½d. an ounce. 2oz. airtight tin 9/7d.
Also supplied in Full Strength

CTB

New protective coating gives added reliability, longer plug life

BENEFITS OF LODGE ELECTRODE CHROMISING PROVED BY ACID TEST

The centre electrode is the most important, most hard-worked part of any spark plug. Modern high-efficiency engines and improved fuels subject it to intensely arduous conditions, cause corrosion, loss of power.

ELECTRODE CHROMISING

Only Lodge plugs have chromised centre electrodes. Chromium is diffused into the surface material, adding an anti-corrosive shield to the nickel alloy electrode. This exclusive process results in appreciably longer plug life, added reliability.

PROVED BY THE ACID TEST

Untreated and chromised electrodes are dipped into acid, showing, in concentrated form, the effect of modern fuel and engine conditions. It proves Lodge plugs have far higher corrosion resistance.

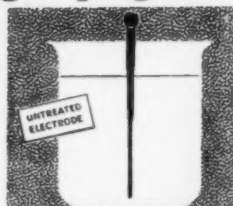
electrode chromising is
exclusive to

LODGE
THE POWER PLUG

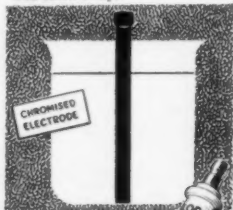


THE ALL BRITISH
SPARK PLUG FROM
ALL GOOD GARAGES

M6 LODGE PLUGS LTD., RUGBY



THE ACID TEST shows
untreated electrode visibly pitted
and eaten away.



THE ACID TEST
has no ill-effect on the
sides of Lodge
chromised electrode.

★ SINTOX
INSULATION
Another exclusive
Lodge feature is
aircraft-tested pink
Sintox insulation,
contributing to the
technical supremacy
of Lodge plugs.



Lodge
Plugs
Limited's
outstanding
successes in
motor racing this
year include the
famous Le Mans
24-hour race.



Design No. 1637

Companions in comfort
... a chair designed
for luxurious ease and
a fireplace in harmony
... a fireplace built by
craftsmen to do its
job effectively but gracefully. You
will find this expression of practical
elegance throughout the Royal Venton
range, from which there are models
to meet even your discriminating tastes.



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More and more, we live in an age served by petroleum chemicals, a vast and thriving industry supplying practically all other industries with essential base materials, partnering modern agriculture in greater productiveness, speeding the development of plastics and the other still-young techniques of our changing world. In the petroleum chemical industry, with all its exciting possibilities, Shell Chemical Company has always been a pioneer and

leader. To-day, Shell's expanding chemical output includes well-known chemicals long established in use, modern replacements possessing technical advantages, and radically new materials which are widening the horizons for inventive minds and adding much, in many ways, to human efficiency and comfort. You see this adventurous new world of chemicals around you, unfolding its variety on every side.

You can be sure of Shell



Shell Chemical Company Limited, Norman House, 105/109 Strand, London, W.C.2. Tel: Temple Bar 4455



"The Board likes to keep abreast"

THE CHAIRMAN

I don't usually bother with minor matters, but they were telling me at the works that they've been using for some time a service in cleaning cloths for machinery—proper cloths made for the job, instead of old rags. It seems these Leeming people provide a regular weekly supply of clean cloths and that when the workmen have used them, the dirty ones are collected each week, cleaned thoroughly, inspected and returned, so that we've always plenty on hand.

What amazes me is that it's cheaper than we were paying for rags—I don't know how they do it!

Leeming Brothers
Limited

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TEL. MANCHESTER BLACKFRIARS 2561 (5 LINES)

May we send you samples and particulars?

LB113

WORN-OUT WHITE HUNTER INVESTIGATES THE INTERIOR

Pity about Leo. Big-game hunter with a hunted look. Can't see him even bringing himself back alive. "Ah," I said, "Doctor Frankenstein, I presume."

"Funny!" snarled Leo. "But I'm not laughing. No more safaris for me. Till my stomach stops dancing the congo, you can keep Africa. Elephants, lions, tribesmen, spears and blowpipes—bah!" "Bah is the operative word for those pipes," I said.

"They're six feet long and—" began Leo.

"The kind of pipe I mean," I interrupted. "Is 30 feet long, and it's inside you. Your bowel-muscles are supposed to pull all your meals through it. But if," I said, "you feed yourself a lot of soft, starchy food, the muscles can't get a grip, and fall back on the job."

"What's that to me?" snapped Leo.

"The White Man's Burden," I said.

"In current terms, constipation. Your interior has become a dark continent on which the sun will never rise. Certainly not until you give yourself bulk."

"Bulk?" asked Leo. "Is that a big ju-ju?"

"No," I said, "just a small yum-yum of Kellogg's All-Bran every morning for your breakfast. This very good cereal has the power to make your bowel-muscles work again by giving them bulk. It'll make you 'regular' in no time."

Well, Leo loped off, growling, and it was a week before I saw him again.



Only this time he was big and bold and bluff enough to use an elephant tusk as a toothpick.

"I've heard the call of the wild again," he boomed. "Feel a new man now I'm 'regular' again. All thanks to that splendid All-Bran. How did you learn of it—bush telegraph?"

"Yes," I said, "I had a message from a beaten tum-tum."

WHY KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN SURELY AND GENTLY RELIEVES CONSTIPATION

Eaten with absolute regularity, Kellogg's All-Bran gives your system the bulk nature intended it to have. All-Bran's bulk enables bowel-muscles to keep naturally active and so to clear the intestinal tract, thoroughly and regularly. Result: your whole body keeps fresh and active; and you are always physically and mentally alert. All-Bran is delicious for breakfast or in buns or cakes. All grocers sell it.

"The contents of a gentleman's cellar should include at least a bottle or two of



Heavenly Cream Sherry"

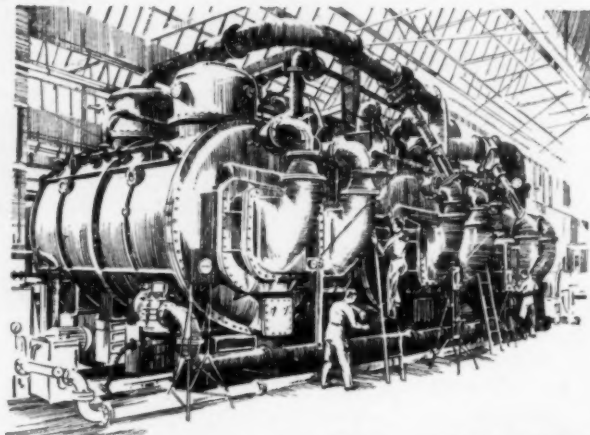


It was in 1821 that Mr. John William Burdon first laid down the soleras from which sherry was regularly supplied to the Spanish Royal Household and from which now comes Heavenly Cream, a sherry "so well conceived as to be the master of all others".

"The Sherry with the tassel"

Bottles 27/6 : Half-bottles 14/3

Shipped by Coleman and Co. Ltd. Norwich

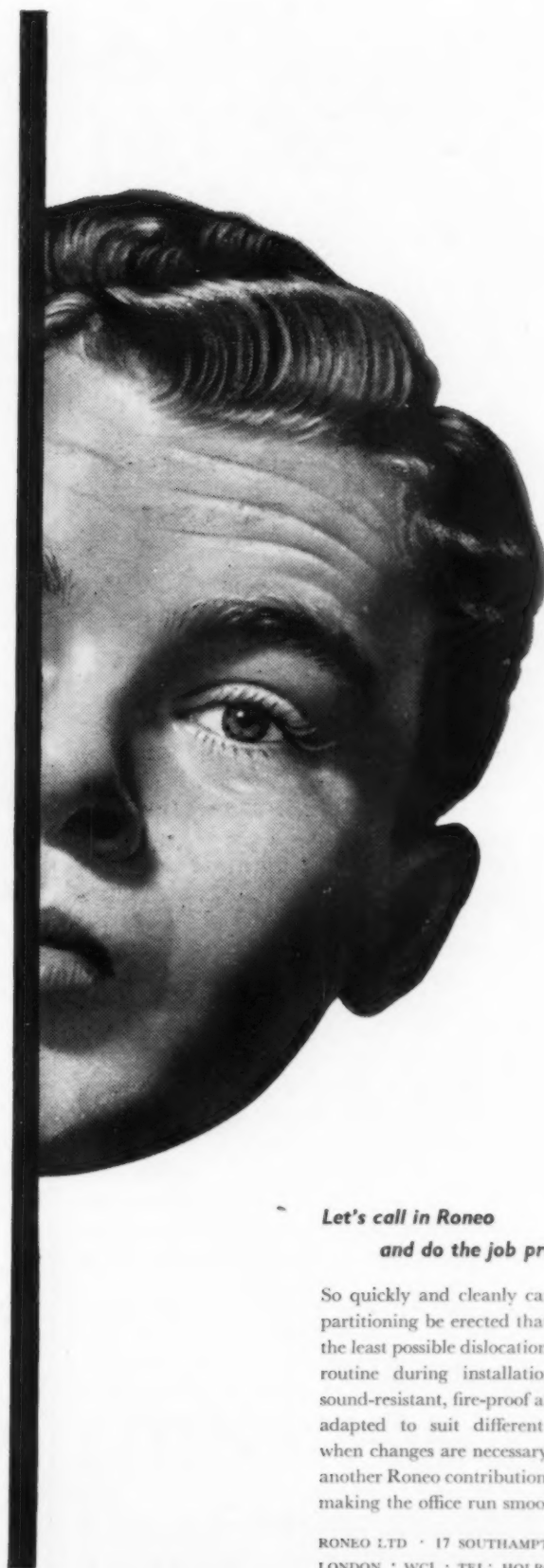


Converting SEA WATER into DRINKING WATER

with Weir Evaporating and Distilling plants has transformed living conditions in many parts of the world where there is little or no rainfall or natural supply of fresh water. Large export orders are in hand for equipment to supply millions of gallons of fresh water daily in many parts of the world.

G. & J. WEIR LTD.
CATHCART : GLASGOW

The best way
of dividing the offices
Mr. Algood, is with
**· RONEO STEEL
PARTITIONING**



**Let's call in Roneo
and do the job properly!**

So quickly and cleanly can Roneo partitioning be erected that there is the least possible dislocation of office routine during installation. It is sound-resistant, fire-proof and easily adapted to suit different layouts when changes are necessary. This is another Roneo contribution towards making the office run smoothly.

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A passion for the monastic life?

THE Ruskin Hotel was built in the Victorian era. Anxious to provide the right cosmopolitan background for visitors to Little Biddecombe, the architect cleverly incorporated details copied from Chartres Cathedral, Notre Dame, and the Chateau of Saint Pancras.

Unfortunately, this passion for the medieval meant that the principal keys were fully fourteen inches long, and the locks, though doubtless proof against erring monks, were no match for modern picklocks.

After the sudden resignation of the night porter, following the loss of Lady Porterhouse's diamonds, the Manager sent for the Man from Chubb. The locks he proposed were inconspicuous but well-nigh impenetrable, and he arranged a simple system of master keys which will make future scandals, to say the least, unlikely.

Leaving nothing to chance, the Manager has also acquired, for his own and his guests' valuables, one of those Chubb safes which no burglar has ever succeeded in opening. There is now no safer place for a holiday than the Ruskin Hotel.

For any business, the Man from Chubb will make a free and confidential report. Even if you never take his advice, the opinion of the world's greatest security experts is worth having. Write or telephone Chubb & Son's Lock and Safe Co. Ltd., 175-176 Tottenham Court Road, London, W.1 (MUSEum 5822).

**DON'T LEAVE IT TO CHANCE
—LEAVE IT TO CHUBB**

FOUR SQUARE — vintage stuff!



Pre-war pipes knew this tobacco!

No stalk, no jockeying along to false maturity,
no artificial flavouring. Sagacious pipemen

call each cool-smoking, lazy-burning blend
'vintage stuff'. Four Square is set apart

from the crowd by its *quality*, not its price!

Clean out your pipe—in anticipation...

FOUR SQUARE



Vacuum packed
tobacco in
1 and 2 oz. tins

6 VINTAGE BLENDS

RED ■	Original Matured Virginia	4/10½ oz.
BLUE ■	Original Mixture	4/10½ oz.
YELLOW ■	Cut Cake	4/6½ oz.
GREEN ■	Mixture	4/6½ oz.

Also **PURPLE** ■ Curlies 4/6½ oz.
BROWN ■ Ripe Brown 4/6½ oz.

Two Freddie (Mills and Trueman)
get a tip from Jack Train:



"Closer shaving in comfort? Try 'Philishave' Rotary Action!"

"I've proved it, Freddie. Only the 'Philishave' gives you both — such a close shave with such comfort. It's got something different, you see."

"Animal, vegetable, or mineral?"

"None of them! It's a little thing called Rotary Action."

"Which means . . . ?"

"That the blades rotate. So they shave every single bristle — whichever way it grows — in absolute comfort. But, first, the shaving head stretches the skin so the blades can get down really close."

"How about speed?"

"Jolly fast, even by your standards, Freddie!"



ASK YOUR DEALER FOR A DEMONSTRATION OF

PHILIPS PHILISHAVE
—THE DRY SHAVER WITH THE BIGGEST WORLD SALE

Philips Electrical Ltd • Century House • Shaftesbury Avenue • London WC2

RADIO & TELEVISION RECEIVERS
LAMPS & LIGHTING



RADIOGRAMS & RECORD PLAYERS
EQUIPMENT, ETC.

(P5661G)

A "SCOTCH" AND "POLLY"



The association of "Scotch" and "Polly" is still as happy after nearly sixty years as it was in 1898. Apollinaris has the unique quality of bringing out the true flavour of a whisky.

A POLLINARIS

"I am continuously seeing your advertisements of Lotus Veldtschoen, but none of them have much to write home about. I have had my pair for 30 years—at first for golf and shooting, now for everyday use."

2/5/52



105/-

LOTUS Veldtschoen

*The only all-leather shoe
GUARANTEED WATERPROOF*

LOTUS LTD
STAFFORD

Here's a good idea!

Meet a neat idea — the 'Packaway' Automatic Wringer.

This new washing machine's

It's a special feature of the New Streamlined English Electric Washing Machine.

automatic 'packaway' wringer

When not in use it stows snugly away inside its own built-in cupboard. Very practical. Very tidy.

stows out of your way

The extra BIG tub takes a large family wash with ease.

when not in use

And it heats its own water — boils if required.

More—this fine machine

This work-saver washes thoroughly yet gently, wrings and empties automatically

heats the water—

by finger-tip control. Saves work, saves money!

boils if required

Which easy payment plan do YOU prefer?

8/8 for Standard Model with 'Packaway' wringer. Heater Model (illustrated) heats and boils the water, 10/3d a week for 2 years—down payment £44.9.11d.

**A WEEK FOR 2 YEARS
AND £37.8.2 DOWN**

£9 for Standard Model with 'Packaway' wringer. Heater model (illustrated) heats and boils the water. £10.19.9 down and 48/3 a week for 8 months.

**DOWN AND 40/3 A WEEK
FOR 8 MONTHS**

Cash prices, inc. Tax. Standard Model £74.16.3. Heater Model £88.19.9



Table-top cover an optional extra for either model.



'ENGLISH ELECTRIC'
BRINGING YOU BETTER LIVING





CHARIVARIA

AT a time of extreme delicacy in world affairs it was ill-advised of Professor Miller to announce his scheme for warming our chilly Western wastes with surplus heat from the tropics. This is just the sort of thing to make some expansionist demagogue grab the Equator.

Moral Somewhere

REPORTS that a fire at a society wedding last week was doused with champagne coincided neatly with accounts of a revived ceremony in the City of London, where the Great Fire was commemorated by the presentation of leather buckets to the Sheriffs—buckets which, as one report said, were



being exported in quantity to America for use as champagne coolers. The reading public, eager for a crumb of order in a crazy world, would have enjoyed the soothing pattern of this even more if they could have read that future society weddings would be having their champagne served in leather buckets labelled "Fire."

Refraction of Light

MR. ARTHUR MILLER was referred to as "Mr. Marilyn" in front-page stories reporting his arrival in London "incognito under the name of 'Mr. Brown.'" It is understood that in future he intends to travel incognito under the name of Mr. Miller.

Absurd Captiousness

SHOW people everywhere have shrugged aside criticisms that the ballet,

The Miraculous Mandarin, was "too revolting to be entertainment." Once they applied standards of this kind they would be out of business.

Can't See Us for Dust

IN an attempt to find the secret of perfect passenger comfort West German railways are running an experimental train of international coaches, and inviting comments from travellers. These are enthusiastic about the heating of Italian coaches, the spaciousness of German, the fine leather upholstery of the Danish, the washing accommodation of the Swiss and the toilet arrangements of the French. The British Railways enthusiast must not be downcast by lack of reference to Sir Brian Robertson's system. It was just that he wasn't invited to compete.

No Thanks, I'm Smoking

NEWS of a dashboard accessory which will make it easier to smoke while motoring has aroused special interest among people who can still afford both.

No Reply

HINTS that American telephone subscribers will soon be able to see each other on tiny television screens when talking are just another sign that science



is rushing ahead too fast. All anyone asks is for a picture of the distant subscriber to flash on with the ring.

Behind Again

DESPITE representations by British M.P.s asking the Postmaster-General to issue a postage stamp commemorating

Robert Burns, Russia has got in first with a forty-kopek design in orange doing just this. The least that Dr. Charles Hill can do now, to recover his prestige, is to come out with one for a guinea in red, commemorating the visit of Mr. Malenkov.

Read All About It

MR. CECIL B. DE MILLE, now working on *The Ten Commandments*, the latest in a series which has included *King of Kings*, *Sign of the Cross* and *Samson and Delilah*, has been described



by Dr. Billy Graham as the man who has brought God to more people throughout the world than any other man. Perhaps on the strength of this tribute Mr. de Mille will at last arrange to have the Book of the Film on sale in the foyer.

Inching Along

IT is understood that Mr. George Soule's new book on automation, which prophesies a twelve-hour week, £9,000 a year and six-month holidays for practically everyone, was thrown contemptuously aside by many T.U.C. delegates in Brighton. They said it was only nibbling at the thing.

"Cries of Shoot!"

Anyone still doubting the healthily competitive state of international sport after the recent triumph of visiting discus throwers over the British judicial system must give in with good grace on reading that Soviet footballers visiting Hanover are each to have a personal

bodyguard during their stay, while "some two thousand policemen will be on duty while the match is being played."

And the Same to U

WITH the announcement by Professor Wrenn, Rawlinson and Bosworth Professor of Anglo-Saxon at Oxford University, that "in Russia it is now U to speak in a cultured manner, though, of course, this has nothing to do with



upper class," tired English eyes may at last be rested from the letter U in their papers and magazines. Let new arguments now be started, by whomsoever cares, about behaviour patterns based on the "U" in Khrushchev.

Speck on the Lens

NEWS that America's first space satellite will be a mere twenty inches in diameter and invisible to the naked eye has come as a shock to science fiction fanciers. Luckily, by the time it is launched, the new radio-telescope at Jodrell Bank will be ready, diameter two hundred and fifty feet.

Slice of Life

ONE of the encouraging signs of free thought behind the iron curtain, says the *News Chronicle*, is the recent crop of "human stories in which Soviet society, no less than our own, abounds" now appearing in Russian newspapers. A typical East-West common touch from *Trud* is quoted by way of example, under the headline: "Woman Makes Human Sacrifice of her Grandchild."

Where Did You Get That Hat?

It is a timely plan to revive the B.B.C.'s "English by Radio" broadcasts to Russia. Early lessons must include essential phrases like "How much is this?" and "Where is the cash-desk?"

Never Beyond Recall

Now hastes each Commoner and Lord
From free trips truly earned,
With Chinese avenues unexplored
And Polish stones unturned.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE MARTIAN ASSOCIATION

PROFESSOR PTORQU of Helium Observatory yesterday spoke about recent observations on the planet Earth, with some remarks on the much-debated "canals."

Last week, he said, Earth and Mars were nearer than they have been for seventeen years, or thirty-two Earthian years, and it was possible to observe Earth closely for the first time since the so-far unexplained atomic "explosion" phenomena began in 8764.

Naturally interest has centred chiefly in the so-called "canals," which some astronomers regard as evidence for the existence on Earth of intelligent beings. The word canals, as applied to these features, is probably a misnomer, for they do not appear to have anything in common with our own familiar Martian canals. They were discovered by Carthoris of Helium in his ray-telescope in 8718. Carthoris called them canals for convenience but put forward no theory as to their real nature. On the latest photographs of Earth they show clearly as short, narrow, almost straight markings, one joining the great Mediterranean land-mass with the adjacent Peninsula Rubra, the other traversing the narrow straits between the South and North American oceans.

A suggestion was put forward in 8725 by Trrz of Thark University, who studied Earth through his great electronic telescope, that the canals were actually highways or thoroughfares along which traffic passed between one land-mass and another. "There can be little doubt," he wrote in his *The Canals of Earth*, "that they are the work of intelligent beings whose development has reached a stage where they are capable of the considerable engineering techniques necessary for the construction of such vast artifacts."

His conclusions were regarded as fantastic by other astronomers, who pointed out that there was not the slightest reason to suppose Earth capable of supporting intelligent life. If life had ever existed there—and on a planet surrounded by thick clouds of poisonous oxygen this was unlikely—it must long ago have been washed away by the deluge of water that incessantly fell on to its surface from the atmosphere. Moreover, the recurrent atomic "explosions" must make a large part of the globe radio-active, and so unable to support life of any kind at all.

Recently, however, Professor Ptorqu said, some interesting changes had been observed in the "Mediterranean" canal. Delicate measurements made with the latest ray-operated instruments indicated that it had become red-hot and the centre of tension that probably affected most of the planet. Associated with this phenomenon was a very unusual activity in the northern part of the great African Ocean, where unprecedentedly high temperatures were being generated. "It is possible," said the professor, "that some kind of general upheaval may be looked for shortly in that area." This might be associated with increased atomic activity.

So far there was no indication of similar phenomena in the "American" canal, but such a possibility could not be discounted. At the moment the North American ocean was undergoing one of its periodical discharges of hot air, which recurred with great regularity every four Earthian years, and seemed to have the effect of insulating that area from the remainder of the planet in some curious way. B. A. Y.



"One final warning. At the slightest Rock 'n' Roll movement in the audience..."



BRIGHTON ROCKS

The E. of V.

By CLAUD COCKBURN

THERE is news of good progress in the preparation of the new *Encyclopædia of Verbiage*, a Read-It-Yourself book which, the editors claim, will take the pain out of your semantics at a trifling monthly cost.

Canvassing parties up and down the country, polling samples for estimated reader-demand, have collected evidence conclusively showing that the man-hours currently lost through incorrect verbiage-appreciation, with its accompanying symptoms of giddiness and nausea, are tantamount to a lock-out and a half and a go-slow.

To give an example taken at random, a Mr. X of Northampton, when asked what he understood to be the difference

between a Strong Man and a Dictator, shuffled his feet and said "Well—er—I suppose it's sort of."

He expressed delight on being shown a specimen page of the new *Encyclopædia* giving the correct answer in two lines—"A Strong Man is a Dictator who for the time being is, or is rightly or wrongly deemed to be, on our side."

"This," commented Mr. X as he signed the subscription form, "is going to clip ten minutes a day from my reading time."

He, and Mrs. X, were fascinated, as you will be, by many other easy-to-understand semasiological self-helps in the same section, study of which enables anyone of average intelligence *not only*

to understand but to be a commentator on international affairs.

In a foreword to this section the editors tell the amusing story of one such professional commentator who, after an over-convivial lunch, returned to his office and wrote an article in which he referred to "the Government's diplomatic intrigues."

Fortunately an alert sub-editor realized in time that the writer was referring to the *British* Government, and thus was in a position to alter, in time, the word "intrigues" to "activity."

As the *Encyclopædia* points out, there are in reality not two but three forms of diplomatic procedure. "Intrigue" is, of course, correct for hostile or disliked Governments. "Activity" is properly used of Allies and neutrals who are *either thought or desired* to be friendly, and *may* be used of our own Government. In the last case, however, "patient hard work behind the scenes" is often the more suitable term.

An interesting historical note draws attention to the rapid depreciation rate, due to wear and tear, of various phrases generally descriptive of what is going on. For example, during the early part of the nineteen-twenties it was perfectly proper to state either that "every avenue" was being "explored" or that "no stone" was being "left unturned."

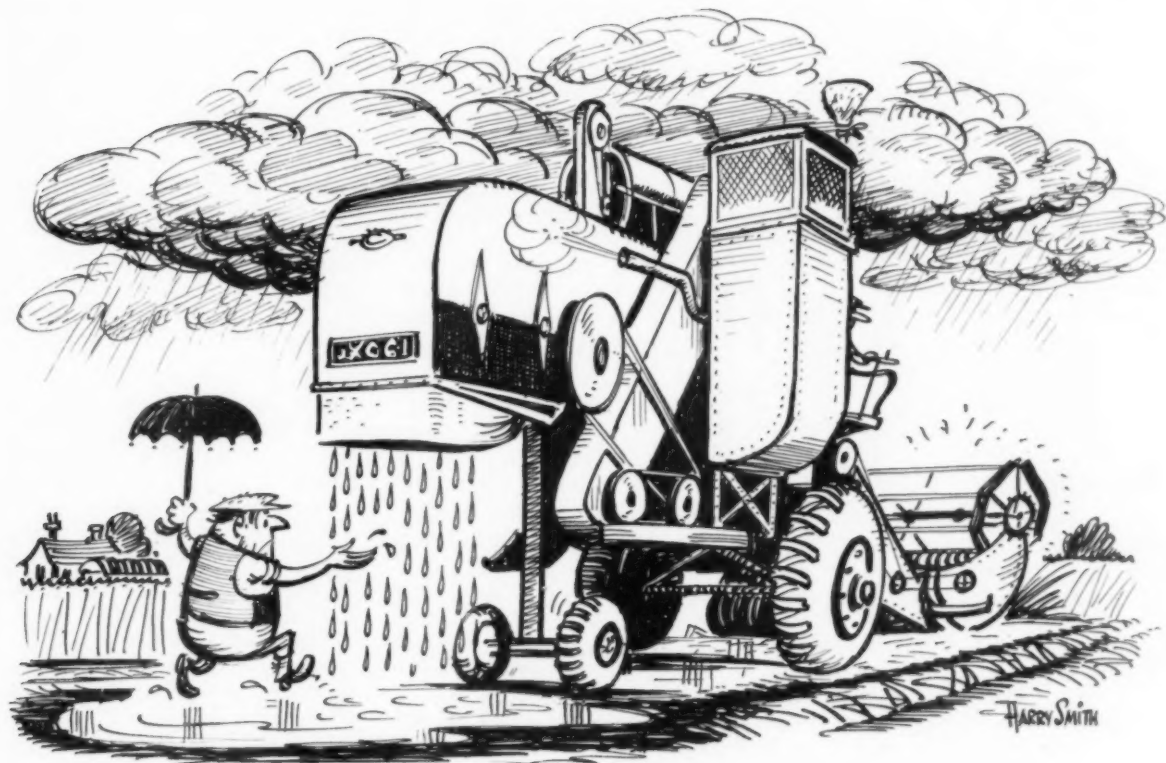
This now laughable archaism was succeeded in the following decade by the phrase "useful spadework," a usage which in its turn has fallen into desuetude. "Solid progress," or some phrase with "tension" in it—mounting or relaxing according to circumstances—would be more correct to-day.

Advanced students are likely to find of particular value the concise manner in which the *Encyclopædia* deals with what it aptly defines as "the Underground Pentagon." The veriest amateur knows that only potentially hostile Governments employ "spies," whereas we and our friends voluntarily restrict ourselves to the use of "agents," but many a reader has been confused from time to time by the terms "terrorist," "partisan," "member of Resistance Movement," "patriot" and "patriot."

His difficulties are resolved once he grasps that these are simply five sides of



"You 'ave ze Grivas Diaries in French?"



the same thing, the characterization properly to be used depending solely upon which side you happen to be looking at it from. (There has often been uncertainty as to the exact connotation, in this connection, of "patriots" in inverted commas. The Encyclopædia makes abundantly clear that they are, as a rule, ex-partisans or patriots without inverted commas who have temporarily become terrorists but might, suitably handled, be persuaded to hand in their inverted commas and join something good, like a Resistance Movement.)

After a fortnight's trial Mrs. Y of Bognor Regis wrote to say that after reading the sections "Verbiage at Home" and "Making Your Own M.P." she had enjoyed many hours of healthful sleep.

The sub-section on "Pejoration and De-pejoration" was singled out by Mrs. Y as particularly worthy of praise—"a specially handy kit for use in your General or By-election."

Many non-users of the Encyclopædia are apt, for instance, to take it for granted that "politician" is an unalterably pejorative term. Although the word is *in itself* pejorative, the Encyclopædia points out that it is often "susceptible of de-pejoration" by the prefixing to it of a selected number of adjectives among which the *E. of V.* lists "thinking," "far-sighted," "self-sacrificing" and "younger."

In certain cases the word "statesman" may be substituted for "politician," but care should be taken with this usage, since the locution may easily involve the speaker or writer in a ludicrous solecism.

Particularly serviceable will be found the short list of nouns to which what the Encyclopædia calls "equated adjectives" may be applied. Many pitfalls may be avoided by those who can recognize immediately when *the same* Action is "vigorous" and when "precipitate." Similarly, for characterizing a given Policy, the student finds a choice of no fewer than four adjectives, viz. "flexible"

"feeble," "forceful" and "reckless." These may be used separately or in pairs, but not all at once.

Again, a given Decision to Abandon (e.g. territory, scheme, principle, ship) may properly be described as "light-hearted," "level-headed," "cold-footed" and "far-sighted."

"Remember," says an editorial note on the section "With Word and Phrase Across the Plateau," "that 'restraint' is what you and your associates practise, 'restriction' is what ought to be applied to others. With this example in mind you will have little difficulty in conforming at all times to the canons of Good Speech. The man who says 'nice bit of velvet' when he means 'reward of hard work and enterprise' is popular nowhere."

Readers are offered a particularly sharp and salutary caution regarding the words "due" "undue," together with the adverbs "duly" and "unduly." The trouble with these words is that they can be employed to mean almost

anything. If a person says of another person, the *E. of V.* points out, that "doubtless he will shortly receive his due reward," nobody knows whether Person A expects Person B to receive a baronetcy or go to gaol. The words are thus best avoided altogether. For the pejorative sense of "due," use "deserts." If "get baronetcy" is meant, substitute "well-earned."

"How to tell Friend from Foe" is a section which many will find indispensable as a time-saving gadget specially adapted for newspaper readers. There is no space here to do full justice

to this section. Suffice it to say that the possessor of this work on seeing that any given State "faces bankruptcy" needs no further indication of the fact that the State concerned is either hostile or dubious in its attitude. If Britain or friendly States were meant, the phrase would be "faces crisis."

(Exceptions to this rule are listed under the subheading "Party Polemics.")

In conclusion, it must be said that, in the unwelcome eventuality of war, armed action, or the necessary use of force, the Encyclopædia bids fair to play an invaluable role.

Most people are, of course, already familiar with the distinction between "flight," as performed (often in considerable disorder) by the enemy, and "withdrawal," as conducted by us.

But in pointing out, to take one example among dozens which in such circumstances will be in daily use, that the term "decisive" is permissible only in the case of engagements won by us, while in the opposite event "indecisive" is the correct word, the Encyclopædia is rendering a real service to that clarification of the English language which is so sorely needed.

Drawing the Line

By TOM GIRTIN

THE incident of my ladder started with the lorry-driver saying in an aggrieved voice, "What am I goin' to say to Mr. Ambury?"

I was feeling positively Napoleonic that day.

"You can go back and tell Mr. Ambury that he can have his ladder when he pays me what he owes me."

There is nothing like a nice 50-ft. ladder to give you a feeling of security. There seems so much of it and it looks as if it were worth much more than it is.

"Snot Mr. Ambury's ladder," said the man sulkily.

"I can't help that . . ." I was amazed at my brisk business-like manner, ". . . if the owner comes for it he can have it but I'm not going to let Mr. Ambury . . ."

"Look, mate, I've come all the way from Tulse Hill"—the fellow was beginning to whine now—"Talk abaht traffic! Bess parter toonarf hours! Eight to the gallon!"

"Mr. Ambury will pay."

The driver went away clashing his gears in a temper. We were running our old inn in those days and Mr. Ambury had been employed by the brewers to nail some half-timbering to the façade to make it older still and he had borrowed the money from me to buy some laths, wooden pegs and creosote.

The ladder, all fifty feet of it, lay where Mr. Ambury had been forced to abandon it on the edge of the car park. After six months or so it began to be a bore. Children tripped headlong over it and appeared at the bar doors, howling, with hideously bleeding knees. Women claimed to have damaged their nylon stockings on it and were not mollified by puns. Men attributed breakages to it: "Sorry about them Worthy glasses, Guv, musta caught me foot in that ole ladder again."

We decided to advertise it in the Personal Column.

It was quite difficult wording the advertisement, because we didn't want to draw attention to the ladder in case anyone claimed it. We decided to hide the ladder behind a zereba of other abandoned objects:

"Tom and Monica Girtin, of the 'Black Dog,' Shortbridge, give Notice that unless the 13 gloves, the 7 hats, the 50-ft. ladder, the woman's right shoe and the Curious Pamphlet on bacon-production left on their premises are claimed before Easter they will be sold to defray expenses."

I travelled in person to Printing House Square to deliver this message: they



"Goodness! Everyone understands me!"

accepted it without demur, counting the words on it like a telegram. The next morning, however, someone had second thoughts and rang me up. "You do realize, do you, that that insertion of yours will have to go *Below the Line*?" he said, trailing his coat.

"Below the Line's no use. Nobody reads *Below the Line*. Not unless they're looking for Colonic Irrigation." And I added, to drive the point home, "Below the Line is nothing but advertisements."

"But your copy is advertisement."

"Why is it advertisement any more than 'Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Edith Hawker-Touche of Sandbanks Hotel, Chumleigh, send Hearty Yuletide Cheer to Friends and Customers Old and New'?"

"That is a Greeting," he said severely.

"Well, if that's a Greeting this is a Legal Announcement."

"Who is—ah—your Legal Adviser?"

I gave him the name of someone who had once issued a writ for me and he rang off. A little while later he was on the 'phone again.

"I've been on to your solicitor and what you say is perfectly true. But, frankly, we are not very happy about this *ladder*. Would you perhaps be prepared to omit the ladder from your copy? . . . Oh, well . . ."

Half an hour later he returned to the attack: "This ladder, don't you think it may give an unfortunate impression? I mean, will not anybody who may read it suppose that your *hotel* is the sort of place patronized by *working* men who leave *ladders* in the bedrooms. Could you not omit the *ladder*?"

I think he must have had some idea of the response that this advertisement would have. I had chosen his Personal Column for the reason that I was tolerably certain that it would not be read by Mr. Ambury and his laddered friends. I was proportionately dismayed to find a four-line heading across the centre spread of the *Daily Mirror* (the Builders' Own Paper) screaming:

50 HAUNTED FEET OUTSIDE TOM'S PUB
ARE UP FOR SALE

There was a gushing, old-maidenly variation on this theme in the *Daily Sketch* (which at that time was still the paper with all the News Fit to Print) headed NO ROOM AT THE INN. There was a paragraph in the *Evening News*

"Talk of the Day" (HUNT THE SLIPPER). The Bully of Fleet Street managed to work in an attack on the British Council round it. All the dailies telephoned. The *Sunday Chronicle* sent a telegram. For days the 'phone hardly stopped ringing. There were callers (serious) wanting to buy the ladder, callers (of doubtful sincerity) wanting details of the Lady's right shoe, and callers (frivolous) asking me to have the ladder wrapped up to take away and did I want a snake to go with my ladder? In terms of advertising space the value was terrific. For months afterwards strangers were coming into the "Black Dog" and asking to see the ladder, which slowly disintegrated and fell to pieces in the long grass.



"No thanks—I think I'll sit this one out."

Epitaph

MOURN not Summer, 'Fifty-six,
Of soaks a soaker peerless,
Whose waters rush to swell the Styx
In torrents chill and cheerless.

None shall linger by his grave,
For none has he befriended,
The sodden span his Maker gave
Is wetly, wanly ended.

One claim alone to fame we own
Before he gurgles from us,
This "Summer" always shall be known
By those inverted commas.

J. B. B.

THE BERLINER ENSEMBLE

PRESENTS

STORM OVER CALIBAN

BY

B*RT BR*CHT

adapted from "The Tempest" by Bill Shakespeare

"Far, far better than Shakespeare."—*Kenneth Tynan*

"Impact of a hurricane"—*Daily Worker*

PRELUDE

(The curtain goes up on an empty stage, with in the centre a sort of wooden treadmill with a long bar which has to be turned by hand (perhaps a sugar mill). Tied to this bar is CALIBAN, a huge negro with all the pathos and dignity of the oppressed but unsubdued working class. He is nearly naked, and covered with scars and brandings. Sweat pours down his back as he turns the bar and sings the first verse of "The Caliban Song." This tune is vaguely reminiscent of "Old Man River," "Ich hatt' einen Kamaraden," and the complete works of the late Kurt Weill. It can be played on any combination of proletarian instruments.)

Once I had an Island,
One time I was free,
But then the white man Prospero
He took my Isle from me.
He promised he would teach me,
He said he'd make me rich:
But all the profits of my toil
Go to him and his haughty goil
Miranda, the little bitch.

(refrain) Work for Prospero, old man Prospero,
He don't plant taters, he don't plant cotton,
He just keeps raking it in.
Turn that mill, grind that corn,
Work as you never worked since you were born;
Work until you die.

(At the end of the refrain ARIEL comes in. He is a "white man's nigger," an "Uncle Tom" type, who hopes to better his own lot by currying favour with the bosses and oppressing his more unfortunate fellows. He is smartly dressed as an overseer,

and carries a long bull-hide whip which he cracks. He orders "Faster, faster," and CALIBAN, straining at the wheel, repeats the refrain at a quicker tempo.)

BLACK OUT

SCENE ONE

(The bare stage is turned into the deck of a ship by the erection of a mast and ropes, the hatch of a cabin, and a lifeboat on davits. All through the scene the wind machine makes storm noises. Enter a SHIPMASTER, a BOATSWAIN and MARINERS, all fine upstanding working-class types, in appropriate, though shabby, nautical costumes.)

SHIPMASTER: Boatswain!

BOATSWAIN: Here, master: what cheer?

SHIPMASTER: Good, speak to the mariners: work as you've never worked before or we run aground. Hop to it!

BOATSWAIN *(to sailors)*: Heigh, my hearts! cheerly, cheerly, my hearts! Take in the topsail. Tend to the master's whistle. Blow till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!

(A great deal of nautical work goes on, performed with complete accuracy and precision, as at a naval demonstration. Just as the mizzen has been lowered and the stays loosened, the passengers come up from the cabin. They are obviously ruling-class types: ALONSO and SEBASTIAN, arthritic; FERDINAND, a la-di-da masher, speaking with a drawl; GONZALO, a sinister, cowardly éminence gris. The least despicable is ANTONIO, who at least had the energy to take the throne of Milan from his impractical brother. They are scared stiff.)

ALONZO: Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master? Play the men.

BOATSWAIN: I pray now, keep below.

ANTONIO: Where is the master, boatswain?

BOATSWAIN: Do you not hear him? You mar our labour, like the parasitic ruling class everywhere: keep your cabins: you do assist the storm.

GONZALO: Nay, my good man, be patient.

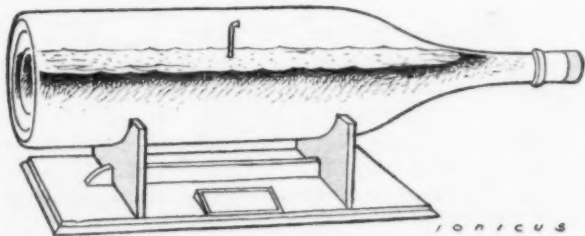
BOATSWAIN: When the sea is. Hence! What care these roarers for the name of king? To cabin: silence!

GONZALO: Good, yet remember whom you have on board.

BOATSWAIN: None that I love more than myself. *(Sings a traditional sea-chanty to encourage the sailors):*

Unequal in life
But equal in death
The essential class-struggle
Will cease with our breath;
But while all are living
Poor working men we;
Though our masters belong
To the nobilitée.

(refrain) Then heigh-ho, my hearties, heigh-ho! *(etc.)*.



(*Speaking to the sailors*): Down with the topmast! yare! lower, lower. Bring her to try with the main-course. (*Screams are heard from the cabin.*) A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather.

(*Re-enter SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO and GONZALO*)

Yet again! what do you here? Shall we give o'er, and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

SEBASTIAN (*with the typical sneer of the frightened upper class*):

A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, uncharitable dog!

BOATSWAIN (*with simple dignity*): Work you, then.

ANTONIO: Hang, cur; hang, you whoreson, insolent noise-maker.

(*The ship founders. The noble passengers rush to the lifeboat and scramble in, hitting at the fingers of the crew with their swords. The crew behind cry "We split, we split!"—"Farewell, my wife and children!"—"Farewell, brother!"—"We split, we split!"*)

BLACK OUT

SCENE TWO

(*The island. Before PROSPERO's cell. This is made of wood, but it is expensive and highly-polished. PROSPERO is an elderly scientist, rather long-winded, usually gentle, but with sudden turns of brutality towards his inferiors, which betray his class origins. MIRANDA is more complex; her alluring gestures, meant to excite but not gratify any male who comes near her, suggest the usual heartless flirt, but her tenderness to suffering indicates that she may have some of the true womanliness which is usually only found in the working class. Who was her mother?*)

MIRANDA: Oh, daddy, what a frightful storm! And that terrifying wreck! Oh, I have suffered with those that I saw suffer! Oh, the cry did knock against my very heart!

PROSPERO: Be collected: no more amazement: tell your piteous heart there's no harm done. Miranda, have you ever wondered about your origins?

MIRANDA: It's most frightfully important, isn't it? I hoped we were common people, but I've a sort of early memory: had I not four or five women once that tended me?

PROSPERO: You did, and more, Miranda. (*MIRANDA smiles falsely at her father, and then, turning her back on him, mimes her disgust and despair*). Twelve years since, Miranda, twelve years since I was the Duke of Milan and a prince of power . . .

(*PROSPERO describes at very considerable length the internecine struggle for power between the petty princelings who misruled early Renaissance Italy, and the intrigues by which his brother and the King of Naples effected a coup d'état and exiled the speaker. Since PROSPERO is extremely prolix, it is little surprising that at the end of his exposition Miranda has fallen asleep. PROSPERO summons his lackey ARIEL.*)

PROSPERO: Come away, servant, come. I am ready now.

ARIEL: All hail, great master! Grave sir, hail! I come to answer thy best pleasure. Was there something?

PROSPERO: Ariel, thy charge exactly is perform'd: but there's more work.

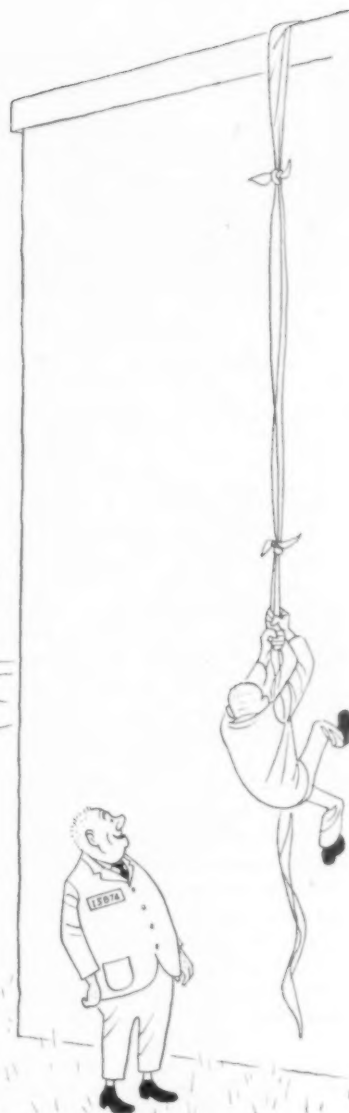
ARIEL: Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me pains, let me remember thee what thou hast promised, which is not yet perform'd me.

PROSPERO: How now? Moody? What is't thou canst demand?

"I never
thought
I'd get a
holiday
this year
at all."



NICOLAS
BENTLEY



ARIEL: My liberty, actually.

PROSPERO: Before the time be out? No more! (*Snatches the bull-hide whip and chases ARIEL away. He claps his hands for CALIBAN.*) What ho! slave! Caliban! Thou earth, thou! Speak.

CALIBAN: 'There's wood enough within.

PROSPERO: For this impertinence to-night thou shalt have cramps; thou shalt be pinched as thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging than bees that made 'em.

CALIBAN (*with simple dignity*): I must eat my dinner. You taught me your language; and my profit on it is, I know how to curse. (*Sings the second verse of "The Caliban Song."*)

BLACK OUT

(*The remainder of the play is condensed into forty-seven similar scenes.*)

GEOFFREY GORER

Under the Dryer

By V. G. P.

"THE hair was curled," as Jane Austen once remarked, "and Emma sat down to think and be miserable." There was no way out for poor Emma, she had made a fool of herself and a dupe of her friend and she could only sit and think. For her there was no hair-dryer with its steady hum to act as an aqualung for a plunge into the strange world of the Woman's Periodical, where many a woman to-day spends her happiest hours. It must indeed be a happy world, for all these periodicals are great successes, from the poor cousins who dress in grey paper and type and get perilously near to the "They Pointed Fingers at the Bride" school of fiction, to the rich aunts who are shiny, four-coloured and given to sophisticated-simple interviews with TV stars. The explanation for this success is an easy one. Every number is exactly the same as the last number and the next number because the editors know what the readers want and give it to them in a bucket.

Traditionally the serial occupies most space in the make-up, with a pedigree by *Jane Eyre* out of *Rebecca* plus a few topical touches and overtones of violence. The first and last instalments are rarely seen and the heroine (Nell is a smart name at the moment) is forever struggling in an imbroglio of terror and crossed love in which the Story So Far has landed her. Many weary weeks must pass before she is cleared of theft, will-destroying, murder or fiancé-stealing as the case may be, and united to a widower called, probably, Adrian. This widower is apt to have a daughter of eleven and a great gift for violin playing, atomic research or banking, in fact for anything except the rational

thought-process which would have cleared up matters eight instalments back. But the real cream in the bun is the short story, and the short story is governed by one rule only—The Bad Girl Never Gets Her Man. Very occasionally the Good Girl may make a brave decision and find herself stepping off alone into the sunset like Charlie Chaplin. The Bad Girl is always left alone in her slick flat with her exquisite make-up and her perfect black dress, while Little Goody Two Shoes romps off with the Prize, her curls adrift on her shoulders and her jeans covered with paint from decorating the garret in which she and the prize are going to starve. The Bad Girl is usually written off as a grasping worldling who is too cowardly to face the life that the prize offers her. This is rather unfair, as the prize, a lanky humorous chap who only brushes his dazzlingly white teeth, never his hair or his clothes, is obviously a most unsuitable mate for a Bad Girl in a sleek black dress.

Leaving fiction with a fascinated shudder, there are still many columns of good advice, the more important being on Fashion, Food and Furniture. "Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy, but not expressed in fancy," said Polonius to Læertes. Polonius had obviously cribbed this idea from the women's papers, though Ophelia, on the other hand, might never have drowned if she had paid more attention to Suggestions for Swim Wear. In any case "Not Expressed in Fancy" has been the text for fashion notes since Hamlet's time. Buttons and bows may be recommended, but never, as the song goes on, "high silk hose and linen that shows and French perfume that

rocks the room." Food, however, is treated in a more enterprising manner. Sometimes the recipes sound almost good enough to eat, though there is a curious assumption that most readers' eating takes the form of a fork supper for six people. Also the recipes are generally only suitable for extremes of climate. Between cold snap and heat-wave readers must fend for themselves and may even be reduced to going out and buying that least inviting of delicacies a Plain Hostess Cake. Dressed and fed, the reader's attention is now drawn to Furniture, which is never new and seldom used for its original purpose. To a real habituée of this world an orange box is always a potential boot-cupboard, and a large mahogany wardrobe is the mother-figure from which a sideboard, a dresser and a tea-table will be born.

So far all has been a one-way traffic—editor to reader—but on the back page the reader hits out for herself and poses some problems of a kind to be banned from the fiction pages. The Kindly Adviser, whose name is usually two reassuring monosyllables, deals firmly with the etiquette of wedding invitations and moves on to letters from girls whose mothers keep them in and girls whose mothers must wish they had succeeded in doing so. She deals equally firmly with those who are trying to decide whom to marry, and those who decided some years ago and now wish to reverse the decision. After an encouraging word to those who are too shy to say boo to any goose except the one they see in the glass, there is the sinister little paragraph: *You should not worry unduly, but on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope I will send you an address that may be helpful.* That brings us to the end of the column and to the end of this week's number, but you should not worry unduly. Even without sending a stamped and addressed envelope, next week under the dryer you can with confidence Read On.

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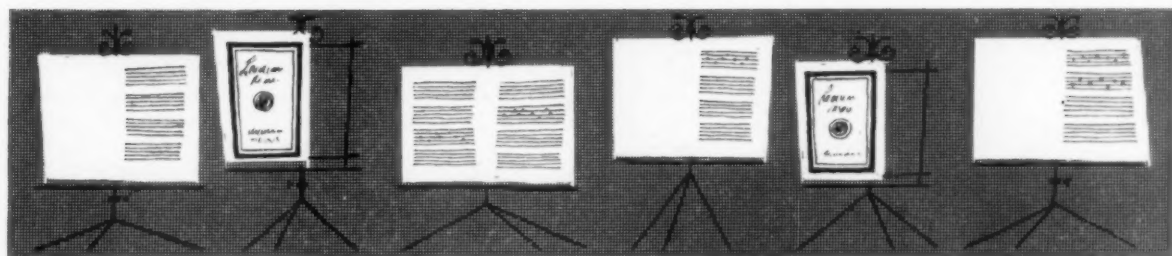
Practical Joker's Corner

"HUMAN SKELETON, articulated, in glass fronted standing case with spring blind, for sale £40."—*The Times*

Ah, but can he cook?



ROY DAVIS



Sirdars of Sirdom

By CHARLES REID

WHAT music would be without its Sirs is a prospect too scabrous to face. Music conducted by Sirs does much more for your Id and is a far better savage breast soother than music conducted by common Mistrs. Let us, then, move up on all fours until we see the whites of their adored eyes.

First, Sir Malcolm.

"You know, don't you," I tell him, "that some people accuse you of being shallow?"

Yes, yes. He knows all that. It amuses him no end. His riposte is, "You say I lack profundity. All right, then, let me have a look at *your* profundity. Let's see how it shapes up to mine." This leads us into a neat cul-de-sac and leaves the issue unresolved. Friends give it out that at the end of *Messiah* his face is often wet with tears. And he is known to have beguiled his last convalescence with the posthumous quartets of Beethoven. These are so druggingly deep that I never dream of listening to them without putting on my oxygen tank and frog's feet.

But what about all those late parties? The beakers of pink champagne? The sambas and rhumbas with pretty women? These things undeniably happen. But do they signify? "Some people think they're *me*. I deliberately spread that impression. For the fun of it. Because I'm mischievous. But the *real* me is quite different. The real me is religious . . . You were talking just now about the Verdi *Requiem*. Doesn't matter in the least whether Verdi was a freethinker or not. Laugh at me as much as you like, but the *Requiem* proves he had the Holy Ghost . . . And take sadness. There are many kinds of sadness in music. There is Beethoven's

sadness, which is the sadness of Beauty. And there is Shostakovitch's sadness, which is the sadness of Pain. The pain of hollow-eyed women, rags, shrunken breasts. The pain of famished children. Of ribs breaking through the skin . . ."

At this point a night reporting corps in full cry, bangled girls from the glossies and photographers with small power stations aglow on their cruppers begin to close in on us. Surfacing blithely with a balloon of brandy in his left hand, a choice cigar in the other, Sir Malcolm takes off on his left toe, rises to chandelier level and floats there

unattainably and teasingly for the rest of the party.

Next, Sir Adrian.

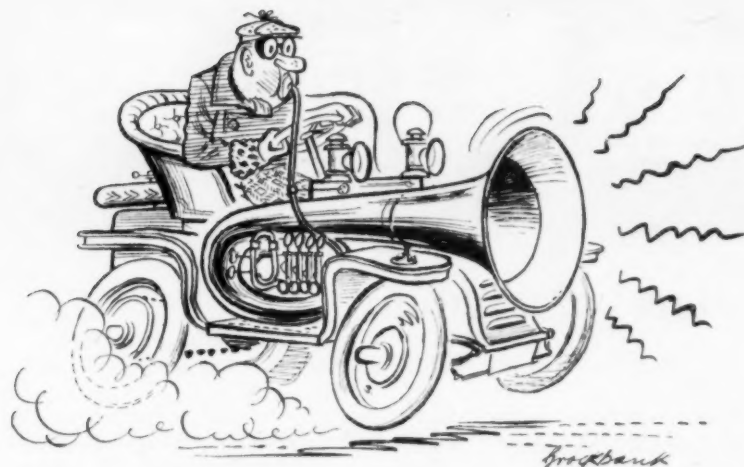
Admirer: Superb Brahms you gave us to-night, sir. Join us for a drink?

Sir Adrian: Kind of you. Mind if I have a glass of milk? or, better still, milk and water? Yes, I'm a teetotaller, but not a bigoted one. I take a glass of wine perhaps twice a year, usually at some wedding. Can't take more, unfortunately. It goes to my head. So I drink hot milk, or milk and water, or cocoa, or orange juice. Tea I find too stimulating. I take it only if I have to work late.

Admirer: If I had been cheered as



MAHOOD



you were cheered to-night after Brahms's Third, I would go out and celebrate on vodka-cup until five in the morning. But I expect applause is all the liquor you need?

Sir Adrian: How wrong you are. Applause is supposed to be the conductor's life-blood. But I don't need it and don't want it. Call me a freak, call me ungrateful if you like. What I'd like best is to conduct nowhere but in cathedrals, with everybody filing out silently at the end on rope soles. Or at Bayreuth, where the conductor works shirt-sleeved in a sort of armoured sump, unseeing and unseen.

Admirer: But isn't it your duty to the Common Man to be stared at? You used to be rather keen on the Common Man, I seem to remember.

Sir Adrian: Yes, but it doesn't follow I'm a Red, as people say. I'm a convinced Liberal, vote Tory as the national need arises and, in the cause of underdogs, peace and world government will work with Communists, Pacifists and Satan himself . . . But here's my milk. Gentlemen, I give you Brahms.

Admirer: With whom I couple the Common Man—if he still exists.

Sir Adrian: I rather think he does. I do wish he wouldn't make so much noise, though.

Third, Sir John.

Lord Shaftesbury said Manchester was, roughly, Hell. Sir John disagrees. For years he conducted the cream of his concerts in a well-scrubbed mission hall. On the morning of the concert a

janitor moved in, unscrewed the communion rail and dismantled the pulpit. The platform he extended by rigging up flaps at either end. On one flap sat the back desk of violas, on the other a harp and harpist. Under the flaps on crowded nights sat people who, having paid a shilling at the doors, listened to Mahler and Roussel like trapped miners, hoping the roof wouldn't fall in on them.

Others of his conducting dates were (a few still are) among monkey houses, scenic railways and express roundabouts at the Belle Vue amusement park on the rim of the city. The auditorium here is a mammoth wooden saucer built primarily for circuses. The King's Hall they call it. Sir John's retiring-room is labelled Ringmaster's Office.

On certain macabre Sundays *Messiah* moved in before Bertram Mills moved out. Between canvas drapes the conductor could see, out of the tail of his eye, a row of extremely intelligent Hindu elephants, the sort with criminal skulls. At the storm of clapping which followed Handel's final chorus the elephants would bow and dip their trunks in acknowledgment, as their mahouts had taught them.

Me: All of which makes you livid, of course?

Sir John: Why "of course"? I have conducted in the finest concert rooms in the world. I know Vienna's Musikvereinsaal, Baltimore's Lyric Theatre, Brussels' Palais de Beaux Arts, New York's Carnegie Hall, Newcastle's City Hall. They're all as

superbly and delicately resonant as collectors' fiddles. And, let me tell you, Reid, King's Hall is almost in the same class. Look at all this nice soft wood. Wooden floor, wooden walls, wooden roofing: much better than modern building rubbish. Sound is not absorbed as by a sponge. At the same time it doesn't come back at you like a tennis ball.

On my last visit to the King's Hall a ventilator fan in quite the wrong key was driving a pedal point through a Mozart symphony. A *Manchester Guardian* critic had to be carried out, struggling.

Since then Sir John and his players have found a new home. The Free Trade Hall has been rebuilt and drastically redecorated in a way that would have made Cobden and Bright arch their backs and purr. The decorations are goldy, beigewise and blueful. Some say they are of the Mimminy School. Myself I would have said Pimminy. But I no longer look. When I have to attend a concert there I shut my eyes and have myself led in tapping a white stick. They say Sir John himself had something to do with the designs. He thinks them heaven. From Lord Shaftesbury, however, comes a planchette message that Manchester hasn't changed a bit.

Last, Sir Thomas.

But no. The writ of Sirdom here stops running. Beecham is worshipped and feared because he is Beecham. As with Churchill, the Sir is a mere tiepin. He should have a piece all to himself.

§ §

"Abbe, who is in Venice for the Film Festival, claims she is different from other girl singers because, she says, 'I sing with my hips.'"—*Daily Mirror*

Just like some grasshoppers, though.

NEXT WEEK'S PUNCH

will include

a coloured portrait of

GILBERT HARDING—

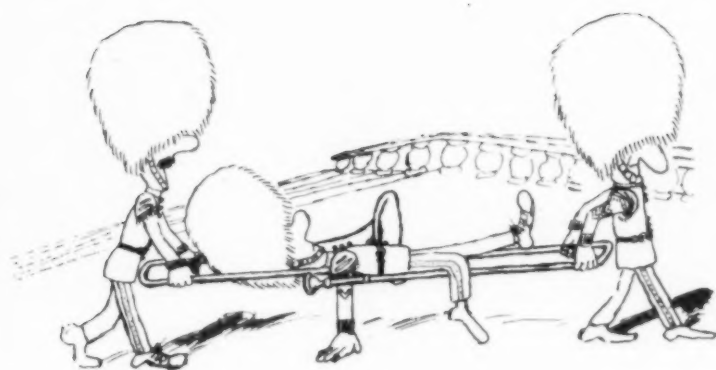
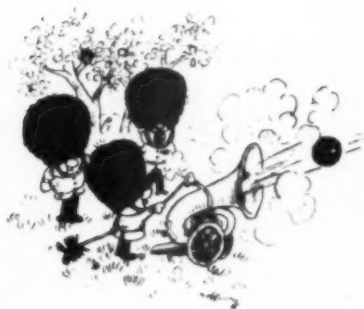
Number Two in the new series

by Ronald Searle.

Also a short story by

GRAHAM GREENE

Alla Marcia





Sir Malcolm Sargent

*Our glossiest maestro dominates the scene
With renderings as glossy as his mien.
Let envious, less glossy maestros sneer,
But goodness, how the Promenaders cheer!*

HEROES OF OUR TIME — I



PUNCH, September 12 1956

Orsino Old

IF music be the food of love,
Play on as wildly as you will:
You cannot shake what cannot move
Or surfeit what is not to fill.
Search out my soul with music, fire
My latent thinking, brood above
The drift of uninformed desire;
But do not look for love.

Play on, I say. I do not claim
To be refined in my distress
Or have a heart of that fine frame
That feeds its want on loveliness:
Nor is there present in my mind
That kind of penetrable bent,
Or softness of such nice a kind
As music can augment.

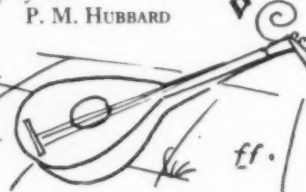


The brass may clench my sweating hands,
My mind delight in climbing strings,
The woodwind whisper to my glands
Of more and less than human things.
Playing, you may have all you want
From marrow-bone to master-brain,
Except what is not mine to grant,
Nor will be mine again.

A man must make his own content:
I have no doubt myself to thank
For knowing less of passion spent
Than love devalued in the bank:
But this detritus of delay
Is such as your extreme caprice
Is sovran stuff to purge away,
But not, thank God, increase.

I have too mean a mind, perhaps,
To bandy beauties on a par
With decent, rather earnest chaps
As you musicians mostly are.
Nevertheless you meet my need,
Though every attribute is gone
Your music was designed to feed.
Play on, I say, play on.

P. M. HUBBARD



KLP/701/33 $\frac{3}{8}$ r.p.m.
Longer playing

BUTCH QUARTZ AND HIS SIX PINTS

KLP/701

SIDE 1

- Band 1 — **Take 'Em Off Stomp** (Leclerc, Quartz, Prout)
 Band 2 — **Sack o' Glue Blues** (Heimer, Quartz, Murphy)
 Band 3 — **Ain't Nobody Gonna Sli: My Throat But Me** (Quartz)

SIDE 2

- Band 1 — **Sea Food Jump** (Quartz, Smith)
 Band 2 — **Save Me A Place Up There Lord** (Trad., Finkel, Quartz)
 Band 3 — **There Better Be Room For Two** ("Coffin Blues") (Quartz?)

BUTCH QUARTZ AND HIS SIX PINTS

Take 'Em Off Stomp. This stomp arrangement by Quartz and Leclerc of Tiny Prout's 1912 ragtime classic (originally titled "Take 'Em Off, Take 'Em Off"), with veteran Stump Buckles sitting in on soprano sax (he was hanged only twelve months later), is notable for the sudden emergence of part of the original melody in the last eight bars. This is the only known occasion when the tune itself was actually played.

Sack o' Glue Blues. Originally cut in 1931 at a secret session in downtown Pittsburgh, this is generally regarded as Butch's most haunting contribution to the annals of quick-tempo powerhouse blues. Three weeks later he was fatally bitten in a crap game. Note the left-hand finger-and-thumb bass of Pug de la Peace on piano—simple but effective, and only one missed beat. Also prominent are Muff Rollo, whose off-key trombone riffs backing Tiny Stupfer's clarinet remain unchallenged to this day, King O'Leary's solid figures on sousaphone, the sheer poetry of Loose Jaw Smith's rimshot solo leading to the now famous thirty consecutive off-beat cymbal strokes, and two interpolated choruses of "Move Over Stranger 'Cos My Man Done Git Back Home," by Pinky Lavender on vibes.

Ain't Nobody Gonna Sli: My Throat But Me. This all-time jam "stand-by," permeated throughout by Jelly Roll's authentic "Spanish tinge" (although curiously enough never claimed by Morton as his own), is now known to have been

taken down note by note by Quartz from an unknown blind blues shouter in a Memphis bordello. There is no more poignant lyric in the history of jazz. This version, a non-vocal, is distinguished by a characteristic Butch solo in which the whole twelve-bar chorus is played backwards, from memory. In an interview with Panassie he once said "I can't figure rightly how I done it, but man, it sure sounded terrible."

Sea Food Jump. Listen here for Zimmermann's muted eight-bar rideout after everyone else has stopped. Originally the disc ended with a full-bellied oath from Butch himself, snatching Zimmie's slide-horn and bouncing it through the window. That version is now, alas, a collector's item. This is the last side ever pressed by Butch with the incredible Lice ("Itchy") Rocky-fellow on alto. Clubbed to death for his hip-flask by Twelfth Street hoodlums, Itchy never lived to see his characteristic low-register vibrato style (he had the "shakes" from the age of fifteen) accepted as a high-paying gimmick by top-flight sax-men from Chi to the coast.

Save Me a Place Up There, Lord. An inspired 1928 gut-bucket version of the grand old New Orleans marching song. The lyric is not for the squeamish, but the Delius-inspired harmonies of the free-for-all final chorus, with Footsie Shopenhower's slap-tongueing clarinet licks setting off the frenzied work of One-Eye Zimmermann and King O'Leary, on trombone and muted grunt-horn respectively (in

thirds), provide the most awe-inspiring experience in the whole history of recorded music. Nell ("Cootch") Slaughter (pno.), who boasted that she spoused Red Kline, Art Dusenkrantz and Biff ("Ebony") Flaherty simultaneously, takes a miraculous two-handed solo near the end.

There Better Be Room For Two ("Coffin Blues"). Line-up here is doubtful. Butch himself is known to have been in a Home at the time (Sept., 1929), and internal evidence (note the amusing attempt at a top A after Muff Rollo's off-pitch opening solo) points to Kid Xerxes as lead cornet. Also notable is the eloquent clarinet of Shopenhower, using a medium-soft reed, while the lyrical twelve-bar duo by Willie ("Boots") Musselman (gtr.) and de la Peace (pno.) serves as an exciting intro to a lengthy piece of Chicago-style ensemble work, marred here and there by uncertainty as to prevailing key-signature. Identity of the drummer is not known, but the four-in-a-bar "washboard" technique and the subtle acceleration of rhythm during the last twenty-four bars, which leaves only Kid Xerxes (?) with him in the race at the close, suggest the work of the fabulous Munch ("Creole") Priest, the white genius who started out as tuba in King Dutch Rimmer's Original Dixieland Basin Street All Star Ramblers in 1912, rose to night-club proprietor, and ended his career blowing honky-tonk piano for free beer and pretzels in the joints around W. 138th Street.

ALEX ATKINSON

This side up. Highly inflammable. Slow away from boilers.

PARNASSUS LONGER PLAYING 33 $\frac{3}{8}$ R.P.M. RECORD

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"Call yourselves gentlemen . . ."

How to Photograph Music

By J. B. BOOTHROYD

REMEMBER that for the average licence-holder the sight of an orchestra is a new thing. The noise he used to hear from his steam receiver was not associated in his mind with any idea of human beings in contact with mouthpiece, reed, calf-skin or gut, but seemed merely a block of sound, shaped like a loud-speaker opening, entering the room as an audible solid of undefined constituents. It is the duty of the television camera, gently and with inspired guile, to educate him in the recognition that the lonely cry of the oboe comes from a square-jawed lady blowing down a black stick; that a clutch of dwarfs trying to climb giant fiddles is the true source of those rasping vibrations which have so often prompted him to beat his radio-set with a rolled-up newspaper.

With education must come entertainment. Never miss, for instance, a passage for the tambourine. Delighted grins split a million viewing faces at the recognition that those tuneless rattlings are not only intentional but produced by serious middle-aged men of the chartered accountant type. Do not despise the irrigational antics of the French horns. Mute-fixing is of perennial interest. Deft feats of music-turning can brighten the jaded eye. Practically anything gains from being photographed through harp-strings.

The percussion section is of priceless value to the cameraman—and it cannot be long before it is brought down to a place of prominence in front of the strings, where his lens can feast unimpeded. One visible *ting* on a well-polished triangle can redeem a whole

symphony. The cymbal is a cinch, the gong a godsend. With its warming hint of lowbrow the xylophone can pull an entire work together in a single close-up. Tedious vistas in the wood-wind are suffered uncomplainingly when the viewer can watch the tympanist screwing away at his outsize wing-nuts, laying an ear to the vellum, flexing beaters and, at last, relaxing with the air of one provided against all contingencies, challenging fate to do its worst. And in arid patches of Handel or Mozart, when audience ratings are dropping like water in a holed bucket, even a panning shot of the percussionists' vacant chairs and idle equipment can wrest triumph from defeat with its golden promise of crashes and bangs to come.

It should be assumed that the

audience knows a piano when it sees one, at any rate from the keyboard end, and it is unnecessary to photograph the player's fingers. Of greater interest is the hang of his tails over the stool, or the forelock tumbling over his brow in wild arpeggios. By-play in the way of palm-wiping and cuff-shooting is admissible, but pianos, whether standing up or lying down, quickly bore the viewer who has himself mastered "The Robin's Return" in his time, and the earliest opportunity should be seized to cut away to some bizarre improbability such as the bass clarinet.

Special problems are presented by the conductor, notably that of conveying, by image alone, what he is doing there. With an alert camera the functions of other performers can be made clear, to a greater or lesser degree, by the end of most first movements. The viewer soon learns that a bank of fiddlers with a right-wrist tic is causing that urgent sizzling, a frying of musical sausages; he is quickly schooled to turn down his volume control when the camera catches the trombonists at the peak of pulmonary inflation. But the figure on the dais is a real facer. How to present him in any sort of credible light?

Luckily there are special opportunities too. Your conductor, if he is of any status at all, is more visually exploitable than the rest of the orchestra put together; not for his brushwork with the baton—because this, though fascinatingly bizarre at first, soon palls on the eye once the limited movement patterns are exhausted—but for his sheer earthy humanity. He sweats, which is pictorial. His attempt at a bow-tie has resulted in a small parcel of washing, bundled up in haste. From much coaxing of arm's-length climaxes his coat has an unusual design of horizontal furrows across the back, and can be made to tantalize with a promise to split. When he strains after upper-register nuances by the violins his



trousers ride up and show that one sock is down. His footwork is a delight. Bouts of ague seize his upper parts during sentimental passages; expressions of keen anguish will often convulse his

features, when the screen can be filled for thirty or forty bars at a time with a dishevelled St. Sebastian of tears, torment and cottonwoolled shaving cuts. All this should be richness enough. But gratifying numbers of conductors, no doubt from standing in draughts after vigorous works, also have streaming colds, affording the camera added scope for shots of handkerchiefs being drawn forth, applied, and incompletely replaced in the tail pocket. Let the photographer capitalize on the conductor in full, darting from overdue haircut to missing button, dwelling on frayed cuffs, dotting on collar worked free of the back stud, and even Beethoven can be got through without a single telephone call of protest.

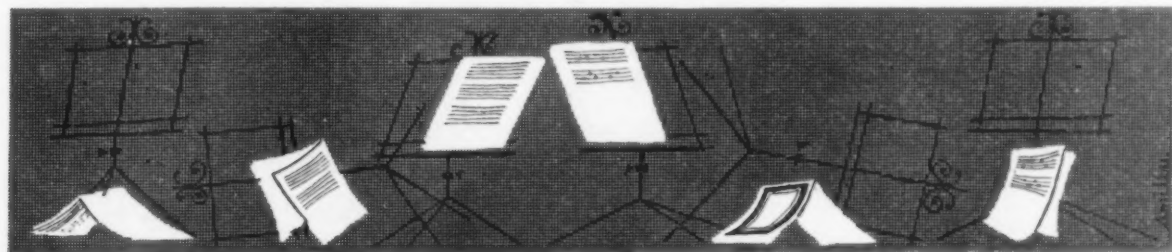
Practice, of course, makes perfect. There are fields in the symphony as yet unexplored. In the present state of progress not enough is being made of players' boots, the mechanics of harpedalling, music-stand design or lingering close-ups of dummy organ pipes. All in good time. The ideal will eventually be realized—and viewers will be able to turn off the sound altogether and still get a solid hour's stimulating entertainment for the eye alone.

And the Devil Take the Hindemith

I AM not ready to jeer
At composers who seem, to my ear,
To have taken a resolute leap
Over the edge of the clef;
Nor am I ready to weep
Because I am twelve-tone-deaf.

It's their public who get my goat:
If their reverent awe for each note
Were only part of an act
One could easily call their bluff.
What I cannot endure is the fact
That they really *enjoy* the stuff.

PETER DICKINSON



From the Back Pages

By R. G. G. PRICE

AUTUMN begins to get into its stride. The upper parts of the trees have a hint of rust, but ahead there yet lie golden days. Small wonder is it that from many an oaken press against Rectory walls, from many a sporting man's cellars and attics are lovingly drawn forth what Old Flood of Cleckheaton called, nigh on a century and half ago, "Those lordly tools." The Birling season has arrived.

Old Flood of Cleckheaton birlled with a hickory brutty. He would have scorned both the plastic throatshields and spiked gauntlets of to-day. Was not that fabulous Titan of the game, Long Noll Pigeon, famed for his ability to take punishment, and is it not related in *The Gentleman's Thesaurus of Polite Pastimes* that he once insisted on hacking home forty miles from a Field with both hips dislocated, refusing all expressions of sympathy with a gruff "We made our tally"?

To-day things are vastly different from what they were before the sport had evolved into the birling we know. Now even a tyro, mounted on a veritable throw-out among steeds and proud to

have inherited the birling-irons of his big brother, has more knowledge of the theory of the game than Old Flood of Cleckheaton's heroes, Sallow Georgie and the Wee Earl, though he is unlikely to have an eye to equal theirs; it takes more than theory to nick a douzaine from a runaway pass. All change is not for the better, *pace* the wisecracs.

Indeed, with the growth of professionalism corruption has entered the game. The august ruling body, the Pimlico Corresponding Society itself, has not been free from the taint. Even the election of an experienced criminal judge to the Presidency has not prevented scandals like the recent discovery that the Outside Farrier of Birmingham Diocese Jaguars had twenty-seven referees either on his payroll or in his power.

The frankly commercial attitude of the shareholders in the principal teams and the growth of betting, no longer a matter of wagers between gentlemen as cockcrow gilds the cobbles of St. James's Street, has turned Birling into Big Business. Last year's semi-final between Hoxton Consolidated and The Philo-

gymnastiki, a dull match, was the scene of ugly rowdyism when the final score, owing to a curious combination of circumstances last reported in March 1874, contained a half point while all bets had been laid in round figures.

Despite the importance of League Birling there is still a place for village and club matches, for the amateur, for the parson snatching an occasional day from his parochial round and the lawyer escaping into the mellow open air from his musty courthouse. Twice in the last seventeen championships an amateur team, The Hand o' Glory Boys, has made no mean showing, and the present holder of the record for an individual tally, P. Fitz-Andover, turned professional only on missing his Blue at Cambridge.

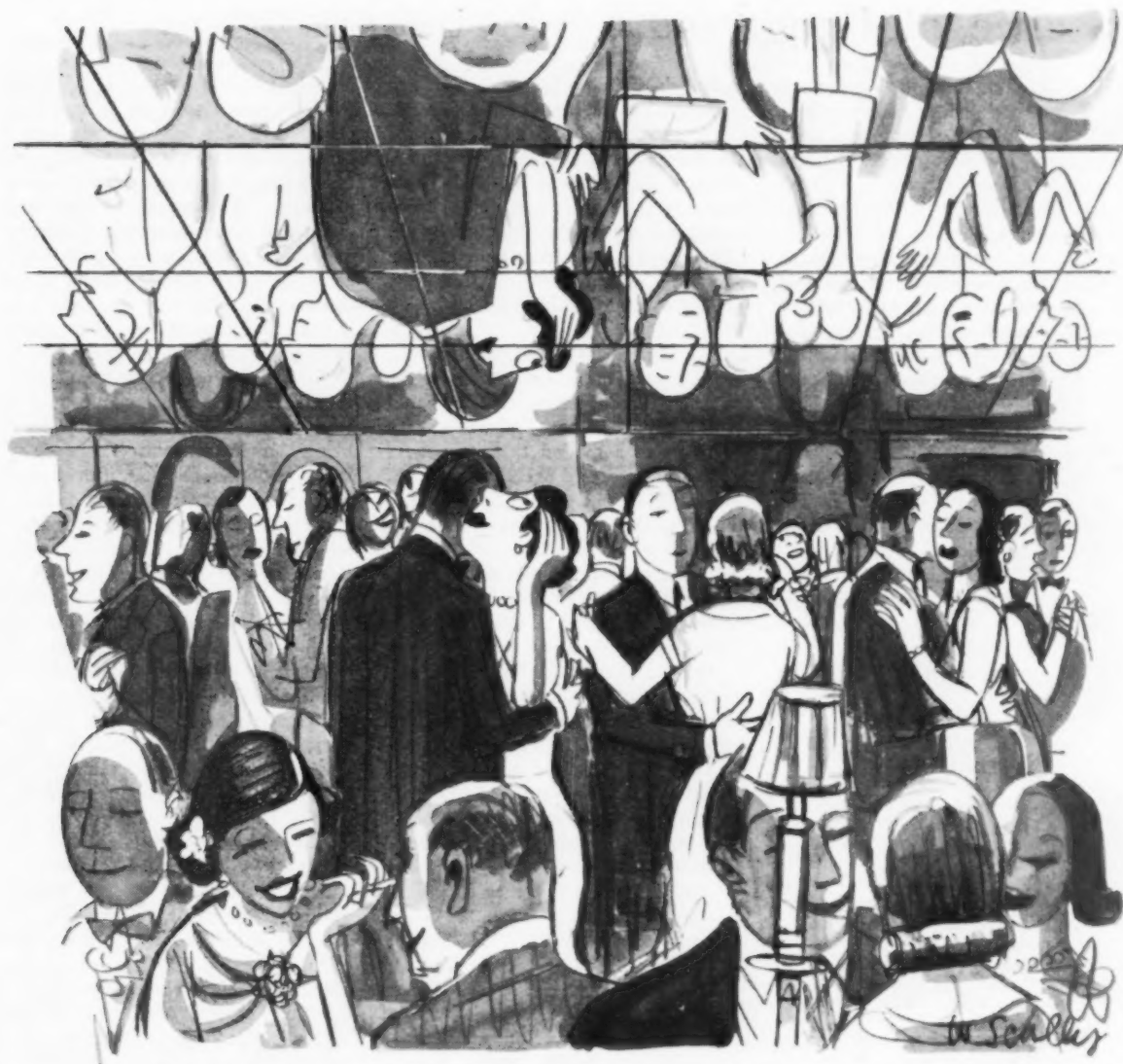
International Birling has been a sickly growth and, until the recent adoption of the game by Finland and Nicaragua, it was virtually unknown outside our own National Family. Britain may have been the mother of the game but her children are waxing lusty and on their forthcoming visit the New Zealanders may capture the Shield and Buckler, though only, it seems to me, if the P.C.S. follow the promptings of finance rather than their own judgment of form in selecting the British team and its mounts.

Parkes seems the inevitable choice for Master on last year's averages. It is less easy to pick his horses. Of the possible string, only two are really suitable for going of all kinds. Tangerine Blossom, sired by the still legendary Hotspot, and Blowzy Bess, dammed by Faint Praise, have stamina, pace and intuitive understanding of the finer points of the game. Parkes will not find any other mares their equal, but the selectors might do worse than give him Myfwany and Blodwen A. Neither is at her best on loamy soils or in coppice; but on the other hand they are both relentless in in-play, and Myfanwy can leap like a puma when in the mood.

I do not see any alternatives to Fox of Berwick at Inside Farrier and Willie Pendexter to lead in the Mélé. Cormes has certainly earned a place in the side by his bridle-arm catching, and "Gouger" Mickethwaite should make the visitors draw heavily on their



"... and when they both come out, it means fine weather."



reserves. Many lovers of the game, while admiring Cecil Chole's lovely style, feel that elegance is no substitute for physique. However, no-one who saw him nick three douzaines in a single scamper at Epping or watched him down three of the defence with a broken brutty at New Forest would willingly see him dropped. Sport must have its poetry as well as its prose. Nidd of the Roamers should be out of his disqualification by the later matches. The impulsive fellsman should have learned by then to rely on his birling irons, rather than on menaces, to build up his tally.

After all is said and done, it is not in

the big games that Birling touches the hearts of its devotees most nearly. The memories that linger are of hard cross-country riding, of intercepting the bouncing rubber pung with a clean metal strike from the brutty, of savage tackling with both men clinched and their mounts under them fighting each for his master's honour, of a sport crusted with tradition, yet ever reaching greater heights of skill. I mind me still of a certain autumn afternoon not a hundred days from August. The midge were out at the covert side and Owd Tom Brink, who had once seen Old Flood of Cleckheaton's son take a penalty bareback, was hunched forward warily

on his saddle as the game swung his way. In the distance, bellringers were practising drowsily, and the scent of leather and dubbin and warm iron rose into my nostrils like the national scent of Britain—that Britain where Birling first began and where, if I have any gift of prophecy, the which (as the character in Dickens remarked) is doubtful, it shall never die.

"CANAL CRISIS
JERSEY SOLDIER
RECALLED TO UNIT."
Jersey Evening Post

Look out, Nasser!

Essence of Congress

By CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS

ONCE again Congress has danced. The wives have had their four days at the seaside and gone home again, and here we are. There is a natural bond of affinity between those curious beings who have a liking for attending conferences, and what then could be more appropriate than that the Trade Union Congress at the Dome at Brighton should be decorated with a newspaper bill announcing "Conference Says Divided Views On Vegetables." It is true that it was at the Conference of the British Association at Sheffield where views on vegetables were so bitterly divided. But deep speaks to deep and conference to conference and their voices are heard in all lands. The heading was not an inappropriate one for the Trade Union Congress.

The last Trade Union Congress that I attended was two years ago at Douglas

in the Isle of Man. Arthur Deakin was then still consul, and in his day the Congress certainly had a purpose. Battle was fairly and squarely joined. Blows were given and received. Few holds were barred and few glasses empty and a good time was had by all. The delegates were busy buffeting one another. They did not, as this time, confine themselves to buffeting an absent Chancellor.

The Congress, as such, has no power. Sir Vincent Tewson got hot under the collar at the suggestion that it should have any power. Mr. Hill was so rash as to move a motion that its powers should be increased and the powers of individual unions should be abridged. There was horrified protest from the delegates to the dance, and Mr. Birch from the platform repudiated the suggestion that anything should be done. He was not, he was careful to explain, complacent in saying that nothing should be done. He just said that nothing should be done. Mr. Prestwick of the Engineers Surveyors Association complained that the General Council had merely noted the resolution, passed by 2,500,000 votes at the 1955 Congress, in condemnation of unofficial strikes but had done nothing about it. Sir Thomas Williamson, for the platform, was pained at the suggestion that they should do anything about it. When, in the debate on automation, Mr. H. G. Knight suggested that a National Planning Board should be established, Mr. Nicholas of the T.G.W.U. tartly replied "We won't hand over our consultative or negotiating rights to any Board." "Regency Exhibition" read the banner across the street leading up to the Conference. The banner referred, it is true, to a charming exhibition of George IV's furniture across the road rather than to the Congress. But it might just as well have referred to the Congress, for George IV with all his faults was not so far behind the times as the General Council of the T.U.C.

Well, why should not they be conservatives, you may ask. Is not decentralization a very good thing? Is it not better to settle matters with the individual union rather than with an elephantine Congress? The argument is a respectable one, and may well in

itself be true. But what is odd is that when it comes to wage restraint the Congress decides unanimously that it cannot co-operate with the Government unless the Government reintroduces planning. Perhaps the Government ought to do more planning. Perhaps it ought not. But at any rate until it does so we are left, on the Trade Union thesis as expounded by Mr. Beard, the T.U.C. Chairman, with a very dangerous situation from which, according to the argument, the workers will be the first to suffer. It is small comfort to the workers, argues Mr. Beard, merely to blame the Government. Therefore one would have thought that, if only under protest and if only to save themselves, the T.U.C. would do something about it. But when we come to ask what course of action the General Council advocates the answer is "precisely nothing." Each particular union is to be left to fight out the battle just as it sees fit.

But it is not merely a question what the T.U.C. ought to do. What ought the Government to do on the T.U.C.'s thesis? It ought to plan industry. What does that mean? It means that it ought to take decisions about which industries in the national interest ought to be encouraged and which ought to be discouraged and to take measures to attract workers into the one industry and out of the other, and pursuing such a policy it must of course pursue it—such is the T.U.C. demand—in consultation with the relevant unions. But the very essence of such a planning policy is that the planner must to some extent interfere with the autonomy of the particular unions, and this is precisely what the T.U.C. has promised not to do. It is in favour of all planning and against all plans. The twin planks of its platform are that everybody should consult it and that it should have no opinion—truly a miracle of leadership.

It is not surprising that on top of that it should also vote that we should reduce national service in order to prove to the world that we are devoted to peace, stand up to Nasser in order to prove that we are not, and express a pious hope that it would be much better that everybody else should agree at the moment that their final disagreement is being registered.



Mr. Frank Cousins

It was left to the big debate on wage-restraint to let the final cat out of the bag. Mr. Heywood from the platform had been at some pains to explain that this resolution did not mean a mad free-for-all. Mr. Cousins was putting himself to some pains to refute Mr. Heywood. The Trade Union case was that the Government was responsible for rising prices and that in face of them the workers could not decently be expected to exercise wage restraint. But Mr. Cousins, who moved the resolution, gave the whole show away. Talking of Mr. Macmillan's "plateau" of stable prices and the chances of

preserving it, he let slip the sentence, "Of course it will stay if we don't do anything about wages." What need has Mr. Macmillan or anyone else of any further witness? Mr. Cousins has sunk his own case without a trace.

The Trade Unions have declared war on Toryism. They have also in traditional form maintained their war on Communism. The exaggerations of Mr. Haxell, the electrician, were greeted with cries of "Tripe!" even when he was speaking on a thesis to which the Congress was in general sympathetic, and indeed Mr. Haxell's exaggerations are so absurd that he ought to be charged

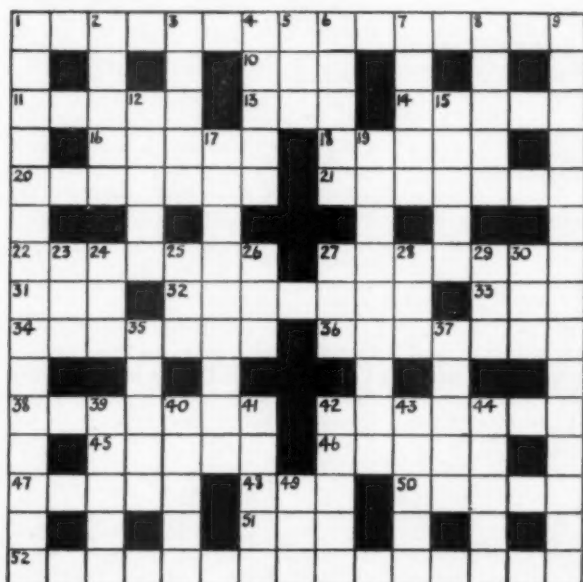
up by big business to expenses and set off against income tax. Mr. Horner, the other leading Communist, a sort of Comrades' Lord Beaverbrook, is a very different kettle of fish and one of the best speakers in the Congress. But delegates, though they will listen to him, will not vote for him any more than for Mr. Haxell. The Congress, while declaring war on Toryism and on Communism, has equally by its rigid demand for absolute autonomy for the individual Trade Union, if words have any meaning, declared war on Socialism. But perhaps words have not any meaning. Perhaps that is the answer.

Music Crossword (Octet)

1 across, 1 down, 9 down, 52 across: an octet of composers.

ACROSS

10. The woodwind loses nothing for honour. (3)
11. E.g. cutting a rug, getting hep, in the groove. (5)
13. This marks the end of the score. (3)
14. Two rivers away from *The Barber of Seville*. (5)
16. *A Day at the Races*, with the ingredients of *A Night at the Opera*. (5)
18. Curtail the *lieder*, they're out of tune. (5)
20. If you knew Sousa like I know Sousa you'd know them. (7)
21. She was a Rhine Maiden. (7)
22. Garden singer (not Covent). (7)
27. *Tannhäuser* temptation. (7)
31. A short coda and a fishy one. (3)
32. This makes even the brass play tenderly. (7)
33. *Rigoletto* is based on one who amused himself. (3)
34. Leader of the band. (7)
36. *Religioso* was his forte. (7)



38. Bit of old Africa not far from the *Dido and Aeneas* country. (7)
42. The scenery for an Offenbach opening is some compensation. (7)
45. *Night on the Bare Mountain* is routine to her. (5)
46. Just the river for a boating song, east of Eton and far west of Volga. (5)
47. An actor takes part in a seemly number. (5)
48. Singer misses a semi-breve but keeps his high tone. (3)
50. Nice century? Very ragged; this family's score was full of discords. (5)
51. Merry moments at the *Conservatoire*. (3)

DOWN

2. Regal? not exactly, but some of his work was pompous. (5)
3. Is this husky singer cagy? (5)
4. Sounds as if Lehar was talking about the old time in Vienna. (5)
5. *Diminuendo* passage in the *Water Music*. (3)
6. New Elizabethan overture has staircase motif. (5)
7. Singer of *I Arise from Dreams of Thee* is. (5)
8. For tunes, without an interval, this is the man. (5)
12. Creator of *Chu Chin Chow* deserves a prize. (5)
15. Pianist unrelated to Jules. (5)
17. The vice of the author of *Drinking*, but not of *Drink to Me Only*. (9)
19. *The Fishermen of England* should be sung here. (9)
23. That's quite enough of *Poet and Peasant*, I've Suppéd full with horrors. (3)
24. I've left Verdi's opera. (3)
25. His horn's a trumpet. (3)
26. Walter did in *Die Meistersinger*. (3)
27. *High Jinks* when you've dug up the lawn. (3)
28. Serpent you can't play. (3)
29. Cowper's idea of *Tea for Two* includes a bubbling and loud hissing one. (3)
30. Church of England is less noisy. (3)
35. *The Silver Churn* setting. (5)
37. Is the heroine of *The Song of the Shirt*. (5)
39. Not so keen in *Blow, Blow*. (5)
40. Was his melodic line a funicular? (5)
41. "The Angel ended, and in — ear, So charming left his voice." (5)
42. Excerpt from a Tosti anthem. (5)
43. Sort of point that couldn't be counterpoint. (5)
44. Stern and wild, but a German, not Scots, musician. (5)
49. Where the ballerina says "I will play the swan and die in music." (3)

Solution next week



In the City

The Two Nations, or Mack and the Press

THE Chancellor of the Exchequer very wisely got his oar in first at Brighton. His review of the facts behind Britain's deepening economic crisis was intended as a warning to the Trades Union Congress and the movement's new crew of boat-rockers. He did not, of course, convince the less responsible elements that the old ideological clap-trap has outlived its usefulness, nor did he discourage responsible speakers from repeating hoary economic fallacies, but the parade of unvarnished truth may yet slow down the heavy traffic in wage demands. We can only hope.

The trouble with Government propaganda—as set out in annual surveys, statistical abstracts and press-conferences—is that it wins so much less limelight than the sensational disclosures of the popular press. Mr. Macmillan tells us that only one-fifth of company profits are paid out as dividends, that the confiscation of all profit could add only tenpence in the pound to wages and salaries, that net dividends account for less than four per cent of the nation's purchasing power, and that to abolish company taxation would mean stepping up income tax by sixty per cent or trebling the purchase tax. But these home truths cut little ice with wage-earners who are invited to draw their own conclusions from the full story of the Docker—B.S.A. shemozzle. Profits are down! Profits are insignificant! Try pulling the other one.

Almost every day the readers of the stunt-struck dailies are regaled with stories of spectacular financial successes. Mr. Blank is making a fabulously generous take-over bid for Acme Kar-produks; Cypher and Sons are doling

out free shares and doubling the divi; Peabody and Cullis report record takings and bumper returns. And in the next column there are reports of a windfall bonus to Godfrey Winn from Trinidad Oil, or, on the seamier side, of tax-evasion proceedings and rackets in expenses. Is the wage-earner to be blamed if he regards these headlined items as more important—and more significant—than the quiet paragraph (if it is there at all) outlining Mr. Macmillan's factual summary of the economic share-out?

We are told that Britain is pricing herself out of overseas markets, that "between 1953 and the first half of this year German earnings in manufacturing industry have risen about 15 per cent, and so has their output per man-hour," that "American earnings have gone up around ten per cent, and so has their output," while "British earnings have risen by 20 per cent, output by about 10 per cent." But does the lesson strike



In the Country

Fodder for Foreigners

IT is estimated that over two million people spent their holiday in Devon or Cornwall this summer. Of course a large proportion of these were English and consequently we need not waste any sympathy on them: as a race we are inured to discomfort and are so used to coarse feeding that we almost relish the trough. But for the foreigners who were misguided enough to explore the hostelrys and boarding houses of the West Country it is another matter. Thinking of them one feels something which is tinged with embarrassment and touched with shame.

Only yesterday I talked to a family of Italians, emerging from the dining-room

home? There is a never-ending supply of journalists and broadcasters (the industrialists themselves are the worst offenders) to offer excuses for declining trade and lost contracts. Other countries, we are told, employ sweated labour, bolster their exports with hidden subsidies, resort to dumping, use shabby marketing methods, and so on. British goods are supreme, the British workman is incomparable, and it is just damnable luck or the sheer cussedness of the foreigner that ruins our trade returns.

There are times when for irresponsibility our free Press could knock spots off the mischief-makers in the unions.

Meanwhile it is worth noting that the markets have so far remained unimpressed by the unions' intransigence. There has been some increase in the demand for U.S. and Canadian securities, but not enough to leave British stocks weak for lack of nourishment. Investors, like the Press, seem solid for optimism.

MAMMON

of one of our hotels. They looked punished; they were wondering whether any diplomatic rift had occurred between their country and ours to occasion their treatment.

"I can understand your making the Egyptians suffer such cooking," the man complained, "but after all, it's years since you were at war with Italy."

I explained to this bewildered tourist that we treat every nationality to the same fare, and even eat it ourselves.

At this admission he gave me a strange look, jumped into his car to speed on to the next three-star hotel or farmhouse.

"We've got bandits in Italy too," he said, munching a magnesia tablet.

But that accusation, of course, isn't justified. West Country hoteliers are not cheating their guests, intentionally holding them up to ransom. Their deficiencies derive from genuine insensitiveness. They think they give value for money because they have no values themselves.

If we are too proud to encourage a tourist trade, why do we have a Tourist Board? I don't know of more than three restaurants in the West of England where it is a pleasure to eat. Cromwell is dead, but Puritanism survives. Perhaps our insularity is to be blamed. If so, we've defended our shores too well. It's a pity we can't be invaded and subjugated by the French. A second Norman invasion might civilize us again. RONALD DUNCAN



BOOKING OFFICE

Tell Your Palm

The Human Hand: the Living Symbol.
Noel Jaquin. Rockliff, 21/-

THE author of this book has already written a number of works on the human hand, and the present volume, therefore, takes for granted that some knowledge of the system used in drawing conclusions from the lines of the palm is possessed by the reader. These methods are discussed, without undue technicality, in relation to modern developments in science and psychology. Sometimes a trifle repetitive, the book is also extraordinarily interesting.

"Palmistry" is one of those things extremely difficult for even the most "rationalistic" to laugh off. Mr. Jaquin points out that in 1887 Henry Faulds brought to the notice of the Home Office the facts of finger-print patterns; but it was not until 1901 that they were used as a method of identification. In the same way as the finger-print, no individual palm is exactly the same; but unlike finger-prints, the lines of the palm alter, while the pattern of the finger-print remains throughout life always the same.

Even the most superficial acquaintance with the rules makes it clear that hands, and the lines on them, fall into certain recognizable categories. It appears from Mr. Jaquin's book that the higher apes also show complicated finger patterns. However, he introduces this subject, but disappoints us, by saying no more than that there is need for further research in that direction.

Reading from the hand is of course infinitely ancient in origin, and therefore the image of man as described traditionally by the marks of the hand is man rather different from the image of him now generally accepted. The characteristics are those of pre-Christian times. The fingers are dedicated to Jupiter, Saturn, Apollo and Mercury. "Jovial," "saturnine," "mercurial"—to mention the most obvious categories of classical times—still impose themselves upon us. Are they quite adequate

for the psychology of the contemporary world? Some of Mr. Jaquin's book is devoted to examining this question and suggesting a few answers.

One of the difficulties of nailing down the facts seems to me to be the matter of what Mr. Jaquin calls "attunement" with his "cases." Obviously a good nerve specialist—or indeed a good doctor of any kind—employs certain instinctive powers which cannot be taught from a book. That is of course



almost equally true of any profession. But in dealing with the human hand it seems necessary that these extra-sensory powers must be specially developed. For example, Mr. Jaquin instances certain simple exercises undertaken with playing cards by which these powers can be trained and developed.

Now, without for a moment denying the possibilities of reading all kinds of information from the hand, one cannot help asking why in this particular form of investigation such "attunement" should be specially necessary. "Telepathy, clairvoyance, psychometry and the various forms of extra-sensory perception," says Mr. Jaquin, "have been regarded as exceptional, the peculiar and abnormal developments or attributes of the very few. Actually this is not in

accordance with fact. While these potentialities exist in all of us, in the vast majority their operational activities are spasmodic, unpremeditated and uncontrollable, and they mostly pass unnoticed." With this there need be no disagreement.

Would it, therefore, be a good thing for an aspiring lawyer or engineer to train himself by similar methods, beginning by guessing the colour of the playing cards and so on? I do not know. Perhaps it would. Certainly no one supposes nowadays that water-divining, for example, is mere superstition. However, most of us in our time have encountered an insensitive doctor. Clearly his failings have not made it impossible for him to practise at his profession. Would it then be possible to become a relatively successful interpreter of the hand by mugging up the facts from the book? Certainly one never seems to meet one who shows any sort of competence in that line who could be so described.

Mr. Jaquin is particularly stimulating in his remarks regarding the various elements of sexual life shown in the hand; and he holds that the emotional state of the parents at the moment of conception is of the greatest importance in colouring the inherited pattern of the child. These pre-natal influences, he believes, can be to some extent traced in the hand. It is all very odd and interesting. If the Home Office profited so much by taking up finger-prints in 1901, perhaps the Foreign Office might retrieve some of their past psychological imperfections on the personnel side by taking up cheirosophy. In the end we might dispense in general with all the nuisance of the examination system.

ANTHONY POWELL

Greek Menagerie

The Firewalkers. Frank Cauldwell.
John Murray, 12/6

Mr. Cauldwell's material could not be more hackneyed; but somehow he makes his Greek eccentric and British Council type and rich homosexual and farcical-pathetic Teuton fresh and interesting. His amiable little tale snaps modern

Greece from several angles and he never overdoes the humours of enthusiastic inefficiency or the pathos of the inheritor state turned client.

His central figure gradually becomes sharply distinguished from the many "characters" of the type one has met before. The ageing aviator, musician, designer, scholar, with his boasts, his generosity, his meanness and his grandiose, clumsy plans has life in him and the reader finds himself sharing the narrator's feeling of responsibility for him and even for what he represents—although responsibility is perhaps too rasping a word to use in connection with anything so light and funny. Mr. Cauldwell is nearer to early Gerhardt than to the writers of high-class worldly entertainment among whom, at first sight, he seems to belong, and he elegantly avoids the wry knowingness that mars many novels about disreputable Old Etonians abroad. R. G. G. P.

One Man's Poison. Sebastian Fox. *Chatto and Windus*, 12/6

The detective story has ultimately succeeded in storming the last publishing strongholds that have held out for so long against it: those of Messrs. Jonathan Cape, and Chatto and Windus; though it stands to reason that the examples which have appeared recently under the imprint of these firms are of a type which may be read by members of the public who are not solely interested in the solution of a murder mystery or intellectual puzzle.

Mr. Fox's first novel resembles, superficially, the extract from Cyril Connolly's *Shade Those Laurels* which was published in the *March Encounter*: the victim—in this case a pompous and popular broadcaster of detestable characteristics—dies after a dinner-party (composed of suitable suspects) in honour of his fiftieth—or fifty-second—birthday, and barbitone poisoning, accelerated by over-consumption of alcohol, is the cause of his demise. Solicitor George Lydney, who quotes Logan Pearsall Smith and resembles—as we are reminded more than once—an elderly baby, and Chief Inspector Jannock, a credit to Scotland

Yard, investigate with results that readers may find both edifying and surprising: while the talk and atmosphere is on a level quite as entertaining as those of the author's eminent rival in this field.

J. M-R.

Sebastiano. Wilfrid Blunt. *James Barrie*, 25/-

Mr. Wilfrid Blunt, as he has already shown, has a happy way with old-time travellers, and Sebastiano Locatelli, to whom he has now turned his attention, was well worthy of it. A priest of Bologna, he journeyed from his native town to Paris in 1664, stayed for six months in the French capital, and returned home by a different road. During his year of wandering and adventure he kept a copious journal, from which Mr. Blunt has selected, translated and paraphrased enough to make, with his own informed and informing commentary, a very delightful (and charmingly illustrated) book.

Sebastiano had a lively eye for a scene, a situation or a character. He was at once naïve and shrewd, and his piety and his sensuality were at perpetual war. His appetite for good food, good wine and pretty girls was inexhaustible, and if he contrived to preserve his technical chastity it was on several occasions touch and go. But the edification to which he turned his temptations has itself an engaging quality. F. B.

Stranger at the Gate. John Hearne. *Faber*, 15/-

This political adventure story with a Caribbean setting gripped me more tightly than anything of the kind since *Bhowani Junction*. Part of Mr. Hearne's art is due to his realization that the reader will want to be shown the detail. Everything the characters wear or eat or see is given shape and colour, and even quite ordinary fictional situations gain enormously from the solidity of their setting.

Here the planter from an old Island family who hides the refugee Communist dictator for the sake of his ambitious lawyer friend is the focus of forces that are kept in balance by cross-pressures on other characters. The pattern is not a dead, notebook equilibrium but has the tidiness of life—sometimes, as in the final scene, a rather dreadful tidiness. The problem of the half-inadvertent fellow-traveller looks different in this luxuriant setting. Mr. Hearne neatly builds up the boyish escape story and then shows the Communist boss's betrayal by the gangster allies the Communists have thought they were using. R. G. G. P.

A Single Pebble. John Hersey. *Hamish Hamilton*, 11/6

Being "an ambitious young engineer," in his early twenties, the narrator of this short, tense, and at times lyrical novel sees the terrible, treacherous Yangtze River "as an enormous sinew, a long

strip of raw, naked, cruel power waiting to be tamed." He had reckoned without the intractability of the river itself and the human element which, in addition to inimical forces of Nature, augments the difficulties encompassing him on his preliminary journey in a Chinese junk "well designed forty centuries ago"—difficulties which, while their causes are less inscrutable, call to mind the impassable obstacles encountered by the Land Surveyor in *The Castle*. Indeed Mr. Hersey's new book is fraught with a Kafkaesque atmosphere deriving genuinely from its theme and not falsely superimposed. The narrator's companions, the parchment-faced owner Old Big, his comely but enigmatic young wife Su-Ling, and the head tracker Old Pebble, whose every action is instinct with a powerful significance, will live long in the memory of most readers. J. M-R.



AT THE GALLERY

Edinburgh and Glasgow

VISITORS on pilgrimages to galleries far from home must be prepared for disappointment. How often does one not find that the one picture one has come to see has been temporarily relegated to the basement while the main rooms have been given over to some temporary show. So when the taxi-man asked me, as I hurried between plane and train to a brief glimpse of the Glasgow City Corporation Art Gallery, "Is it the expensive picture that you are going to see?" I took him possibly to mean Rembrandt's "Man in Armour." This picture, I feared, would be (most excusably on this occasion) at the Rembrandt exhibition in Holland. To my joy it was not. (It was, it transpired, the Dali Crucifixion to which the driver was referring.) After the Rembrandt and a far too short glance at the large canvas attributed to Giorgione, I caught sight in my ramble of Daumier's group of robust girls in "The Miller, his son and the ass" and several other old friends seen at different times in London—as examples, Cézanne's "Zola's House at Medan" and Courbet's "Dame à l'ombrelle." A vivid memory remains of a particularly joyous Matisse of flowers on a pink table-cloth.

At Edinburgh a retrospective exhibition of Braque is a feature of the Festival. (It will be seen in London at the end of September.) It embraces Braque's earliest efforts, including the forbiddingly austere Cubist period, and traces the gradual expansion of his gifts down to the present. Braque incessantly breaks all the rules with regard to light, solidity and perspective for aims not easily described—even in a long and readable preface by Douglas Cooper. The result is nearly always beautiful, sometimes chaotic. On the whole Braque's delightful touch, delicious discoveries in colour, and elegant shapes triumphantly justify him.



Solution to last week's crossword

At the National Gallery of Scotland the sumptuous Bridgewater House Titians, in contrast to the large and clear Tiepolo, seem in need of cleaning; while Goya's mysterious red and blue "El Medico" alone is worth a visit to Edinburgh. This year, to give full measure, there is in addition a Raeburn exhibition (bi-centenary). Some fifty canvasses, all in prime condition, are a worthy testimony to a fine eighteenth-century portraitist.

ADRIAN DAINTREY

AT THE PLAY

Henry V—Oedipus Rex—Village Wooing—Fanny's First Play
(EDINBURGH FESTIVAL)

CANADA's first big theatrical enterprise among the classics, the Stratford Ontario Company had its beginnings only five years ago. Michael Langham has shrewdly assessed the strength and limitations of his actors, and planned his production of *Henry V* accordingly; some of the subtler points in the King's character and England's position in history are missing, but against that is a refreshing vitality which makes the war surge so disturbingly around us (and over our feet) that for once the casualty lists of Agincourt have meaning. When the company can learn to speak poetry more clearly its fine voices should double their effect.

But the more I see of the arena stage the less suitable it seems for Shakespeare or any play in which the loss of a speaker's face is serious. Wherever you sit it is a mathematical certainty that the hero will have his back to you during a vital moment. Even if you squirm and peer to the fury of the man behind you cannot always defeat the solidity of actors standing round the steps. Is the King smiling, scowling or merely looking royal? Such details can be very important, and to be left in ignorance is to be given a sound-track with a blank screen. As for the arguments about fluidity and so on, they hold less water than the gutters of Prince's Street have done during a Festival in which Noah's farsightedness has never been distant from anyone's thoughts.

Only for mass-movements does the arena stage really justify itself, and here excitement lay in its sudden filling with men who came clumping down the aisles in their dozens, and with Tanya Moiseiwitch's splendid uniforms and streaming banners. The odds against intimacy were heavy, but Mr. Langham rescued more than this suggests. In both camps the nervous tension of the dawn scenes before the battle gathered uncommon force; the French lesson and Henry's courtship were charmingly light and assured, and the visits of the French Herald unusually dramatic. These Canadian actors are very natural, and a happy advantage in this production was the authentic broken English of the

French-Canadians who took the other side.

Christopher Plummer's Henry was sturdy and likeable, as much for his humour as his humility. At times (particularly before the breach) he appeared to lead with the eager determination of the hope of the fifteen rather than the inspiration of a poet-king—but certainly he led. Each individual in this alert cast had a character, and stuck to it—something rarer than it sounds. Two for special mention were Ginette Letondal's delicately poised Katharine and Douglas Campbell's outrageous Pistol. Needless to add, the reference to the "weasel Scots" was joyfully received.

Starting with a bronchitic burst of smoky incense that seemed to come straight from the Flying Scotsman, Tyrone Guthrie's production of *Oedipus Rex* (same company, same hall) aimed, so he had warned us, at performing the tragedy as a religious ritual, "a ceremonial re-enactment of a sacrifice." Movements were heavily stylized, speeches declaimed pulpitwise, and the Chorus was obscured behind grotesque masks which at their most human suggested the Seven Dwarfs and more often a school of very old Asiatic baboons. Apart from a gratifying Theban tendency to take things lying down, so that generally one could see what Oedipus was up to, the arena stage again proved

irritating and confusing, but the chief quarrel here lay with the great size of the masks, which at such close range reduced the effect of the Chorus and added a distractingly sub-human quality to their contortions. They lost dignity, to become creatures in a nightmare. Remembering how much Olivier's performance had moved me, to my surprise I registered no emotion at all, not even when Oedipus said good-bye to his daughters.

What we saw was a macabre religious detective story, which was hardly fair to Sophocles; but on this level, accepting reluctantly such oddities as clawed hands, Tiresias purring terribly over the altar in the skeleton of a bird, and the asthma induced by doom in Oedipus, there was a kind of Gothic horror which gripped. The slow declamation suited the Canadians better than the quick rhythms of Shakespeare, and in the lovely verse of Yeats' translation the choruses were impressive. So were some of the less animal movements. Douglas Campbell's stentorian Oedipus remained remote, but had majesty; his three tremendous shouts of anger in recounting a murder brought a sudden thrill. Eleanor Stuart's Jocasta spoke well, and Robert Goodier's Creon was nearer the Sophocles that one expected. This is probably the first time that incest has been discussed so fully in the Assembly Hall of the Church of Scotland.



[Henry V

King Henry V—CHRISTOPHER PLUMMER

Pistol—DOUGLAS CAMPBELL

Those of us who saw *Village Wooing* a few years ago in London were the less surprised that at seventy-seven Shaw should have written such a crackling little comedy, which says with absolute economy so much that he said elsewhere at greater length about sex. The shifting patterns in its duet make large demands on its interpreters; in Roy Rich's carefully pointed production Brenda Bruce and Michael Denison delighted us by their wit and balance. Miss Bruce is habitually at home in Shaw. In the first few minutes, when she was simply gazing over the ship's side at the horizon, she caught the audience on a string; from then Mr. Denison's superior insolence never stood a chance against her homely acids.

This sparkling curtain-raiser over, the curtain rose on a patchy production of *Fanny's First Play*. In any case it is poor Shaw. His tilt at respectability, by upsetting the household gods of two appalling families, does produce a certain comic dividend in the third act, but in the meantime we have had to pay heavily in forced facetiousness. As the butler who settles everything by being a duke's broker, Robin Bailey gave a performance of polished green-baize authority. After him Miss Bruce and Mr. Denison were the best of a cast whose tail was a Festival surprise. Edwardian decor is unyielding, I know, but if the colours here were supposed to be part of the joke they hurt too much to be funny.

ERIC KEOWN

AT THE PLAY IN LONDON

Timon of Athens (OLD VIC)

Towards Zero (ST. JAMES'S)

A River Breeze (PHENIX)

Faith in theatre-going discrimination is restored by the reception greeting Sir Ralph Richardson's Timon. Even making allowances for Old Vic teenage hysteria it was heartening to hear, on the first night, sounds from the upper reaches of the house which are usually reserved nowadays for weeping pop-singers. This is fine acting, honouring a role and ennobling a play. If the interpretation has a fault—and it is forgiven as soon as mentioned—it is that this Timon, even at the last, has too much wry humour in him to die of misanthropy. He hugs his predicament to himself with macabre enjoyment, and would convincingly have died, we feel, as a sardonic jest at the world's expense.

But the vigour and intelligence of the playing, the clear, measured, oddly-cadenced delivery with its striking modulations of pitch and volume, freshens the lopsided play with an imposed balance—and instead of extinguishing the rest of the company contrives to infect it with an echo of its own quality. The Flavius of Paul Curran (like much else, telescoped by Michael Benthall's direction; it incorporates the parts of Servius and Flaminus too) has a desperate compassion, and Dudley Jones's Apemantus, especially in the slanging-match in Act IV, Scene 2, burns with a brand of bitterness deftly distinguished from Timon's own.

About all that can be said for the latest Agatha Christie is that the identity of just who done it is concealed until the conventional disclosure point. Many people ask no more of a detection play, and the box-office telephone at the St. James's is probably ringing merrily. But some may feel that an evening of shameless contrivance, necessarily ambiguous characterization, spasmodic development and preposterous dialogue is too great a price for the satisfaction of being beaten at a game where the opponent holds all the cards.

At heart *A River Breeze* is a comedy of situation about a changeling daughter. The heart is in the right place, but not over-strong, and is kept going with doses of light-hearted irrelevancy and quippish dialogue. Some of this is pretty funny, generally when Naughton Wayne is either at the bowling or batting end. On the whole it is an amusing evening, and particularly recommended to anniversary celebrators with a good dinner inside them. Roland Culver, as both star and author, is tempted by a sense of these heavy responsibilities to overwork the one in the supposed interests of the other, but soon the recognition that he is supported by a staunch company, each capable of bearing a share of the weight, should take some of the jiggling and jowl-wobbling out of him and bring the part more into line with the author's intention.

Recommended

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Edith Evans is back in *The Chalk Garden* (Haymarket—25/4/56); for Ustinov at his best, *Romanoff and Juliet* (Piccadilly—30/5/56); *Hotel Paradiso* (Winter Garden—9/5/56), a French farce with a Swiss movement.

J. B. BOOTHROYD

AT THE BALLET

The Miraculous Mandarin
(COVENT GARDEN)

BALLET-goers who, on the strength of reports from Edinburgh, were expecting to be revolted by the new Bartok-Rodrigues ballet, *The Miraculous Mandarin*, found themselves instead arguing its merits with much animation at the Royal Opera House last week.

Elaine Fifielf is the street-girl forced by her "protectors" to lure victims into her tawdry room (there to be assaulted and robbed) and presently to captivate a rich Chinese mandarin, impersonated with wonderfully sinister make-up and department by Michael Somes.

The infatuated Oriental is soon stripped of his jewels, but to kill him is a tougher proposition. His miraculous powers of survival are equal to smothering with pillows and hanging by a rope from a chandelier. Vulnerable to tenderness, however, he dies in the arms of the street-girl who in a surge of



Juggins—ROBIN BAILEY

Dora Delaney—BRENDA BRUCE

[*Fanny's First Play*
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compassion involuntarily encompasses his death.

The ballet opens with its most brilliant and effective moments: in the pit, Bartók at his most discordant and challenging, and on the stage, ranged like a frieze, the denizens of the underworld silhouetted motionless against the squalid street, lighted windows and night signs of George Wakhevitch's striking setting. Nothing that follows adds much to what they suggest.

Mr. Rodriques has devised some extremely interesting and complicated movements which sustain the illusion of low life. To Miss Fifield alone, despite her unalluring vesture of black tights, does he concede any grace. Mr. Soms dances scarcely at all, for his role is to mime the character of the mysterious Chinese. His slow movements and impassive bearing are in extraordinarily effective contrast to the brutal angularity of his assailants, the chief of whom is danced with dynamic emphasis by Alexander Grant. Such eroticism as the dances convey is rather more by definition than by demonstration. But of violence there is plenty, and here it may be questioned how far such a theme is patient of balletic interpretation.

In sum, Bartók's daring and Rodriques's essay in sensationalism fail to shock. The compassionate ending likewise fails in poignancy since it has too much the air of an insincere, and therefore unconvincing, twist to the tale to bring down the curtain.

Mr. Robert Irving coped admirably with the score. C. B. MORTLOCK



AT THE PICTURES

The Solid Gold Cadillac
Bhowani Junction

THE pattern is old, well-tried and almost infallible: the "little man"—in this instance, a young woman—rousts the big boys, defeats the organization. *The Solid Gold Cadillac* (Director: Richard Quine) is the story of how an ordinary stockholder with no more than ten shares in an enormous corporation manages, by simple honesty, friendliness and natural persistence, to become the most important person in it.

The piece is often exceedingly funny, and what is more intelligently so: subsequent reflection about the basis of the laughs, so far from spoiling them, makes them more satisfying still. The personality of Judy Holliday as the central figure is undoubtedly important, but this is by no means a one-woman show. Paul Douglas makes an equally pleasing impression, and the film as a whole is most attractive and enjoyable.

It is adapted from the play by George S. Kaufman and Howard Teichmann, and when examined shows obvious signs of its stage origin; but it is so well and amusingly done that one does not even think about this at the time. It begins simply enough with the literal-minded

stockholder asking a natural question (natural, but too simple for anyone to have ventured to ask it before) at the stockholders' meeting: what exactly do the directors do to earn their considerable salaries? This pebble thrown into the millpond of commercial complacency starts ripples that rapidly become breakers—and I mean *breakers*. It happens that most of these smooth directors are crooks anyway; this perhaps is a weakness, it might be more effective if they were perfectly ordinary directors. But the fact that they are crooks, or near-crooks, makes their final discomfiture more gratifying.

They are all well and amusingly played: those who are most in evidence, the glossy Chairman (John Williams) and the sourly smiling Treasurer (Fred Clark) particularly so. But the fact that the film is, as I say, attractive—pleasing, cheering, as well as momentarily funny—this is mainly because of Miss Holliday and Mr. Douglas. The latter appears as the one honest member of the board, who leaves in the first scene to take a government job in Washington, and whom she (having discovered as an employee what the others are up to) goes to fetch back. In the last scene, with the thousands of proxy votes sent to her as a friend by other small stockholders with whom she has been corresponding, they win.

The title is catchpenny and meaningless: the solid gold Cadillac is her present from the grateful stockholders and doesn't appear till the story is over. But it looks well in the advertisements.

Bhowani Junction (Director: George Cukor) is based on John Masters' novel, which I remember thinking impressively good. The film is often impressively spectacular, but otherwise it's nothing special. As narrative, it is weakened by



Laura Partridge—JUDY HOLLIDAY

[The Solid Gold Cadillac

divided aims. Most of the time it is concerned with the emotional problems of the half-caste, with particular reference to those of Victoria Jones, Anglo-Indian subaltern in the British Army as it prepares for withdrawal (in 1947). Ava Gardner does a creditable acting job here. But the suspense-situation contrived for a climax (she is kidnapped by a Communist-inspired leader of revolt and rescued just in time) seems, though the suspense is effective enough, absurdly out of place: it belongs to quite a different type of story. Nor is it a very happy device to have the whole thing narrated, with flashbacks, by the British Colonel (Stewart Granger) who loves her. One tends to reflect that the older officer to whom he tells it on a train must have occasionally indicated that now he'd prefer to look at his magazine.

Nevertheless—and in spite of some unsatisfactory colour—the spectacular bits, the riots, the railway accident and so on, are very well done; and the film makes its point about the troubles of the half-caste even though ignoring it at the end.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

In London there are some interesting new ones, including Gene Kelly's *Invitation to the Dance* and an elaborate CinemaScope version of *OklaHoma!* Of the established ones *The Bad Seed* (5/9/56) is the most impressive, flawed though it is by stageyness and a marzipan ending. For the whole family: *The Great Locomotive Chase* (29/8/56).

Releases include Diana Dors unexpectedly good in a serious part in *Yield to the Night* (27/6/56) and a well-made, gripping piece about a Scotland Yard investigation, *The Long Arm* (4/7/56).

RICHARD MALLETT



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"AND now, children, instead of a silly old Western thriller, you're going to see half an hour of a very important cricket match. And what's more we've got Brian Johnston to give you invaluable hints on the game. Over, then, to the Oval."

"Well, hello, children. Your fathers have just been looking at this exciting Test Match, and it's just possible that a few of them may still be viewing, so let me tell them that Lock's bowling to an attacking field with three slips . . . Ah, see that, children? That was Johnson, the Australian captain, patting the wicket down at the bowler's end. Let's ask Uncle Jack Fingleton what he thought of that, Jack?"

"Notice, children, how the batsman keeps his left elbow straight when he's patting the pitch and refuses to be intimidated by the booing of unintelligent spectators. Master Laker's trying to pitch the ball in a patch that he's roughed up with his boots. Brian?"

"Yes, children, if your fathers are in the garden you might like to tell them that things are pretty exciting here at the Oval. No reason why they shouldn't share all the thrills of Children's Hour for a change, is there? Jack?"

"Now look at Lock. See how he glares at the umpire who's just rejected an appeal for l.b.w. That's the correct, classical stance—hands on hips, brows furrowed and eyes loaded with incredulity. The way to learn this game, children, is to study the masters. Let's ask Alf Gover what he thinks of Miller's tactics, eh, children?"



Sportsview

"Now, if you children don't mind, I'll just give the detailed scores of the play for any fathers who may just be home from work. England, first innings, Richardson . . ."

"There's nothing funnier, I think, than the B.B.C.'s attempts to disguise cricket commentary as fare for the nippers. But the children have no ground for complaint: after all, most of the evening programmes are juvenile stuff masquerading as entertainment for adults."

Cricket gets a pretty fair hearing on radio and television. During this past soggy season fans have enjoyed a splendid volume of Tavern talk from such gossips as Ian Johnson (the most eloquent and diplomatic captain Australia has sent here), Jack Fingleton (a whimsical and brightly satirical commentator of rare charm), Michael Charlton, G. O. Allen, R. W. V. Robins and, finally, the fabulous Don Bradman.

Sir Donald's appearance on TV

(B.B.C.) was an innings true to character. He has little time for the airs and graces of cricket; his interests, as always, lie in run-making and wicket-taking. He gets behind every problem and bangs it safely along the carpet to the committee rooms. He has an answer to everything and everybody—even to Laker, off-spinners bowled round the wicket and in-swingers bowled from the edge of the crease. In half an hour the other night he told us (and a self-effacing Robins) why the rate of run-getting has fallen so sharply, why he himself, on the 1948 tour, allowed balls missing the leg-stump to go unpunished (though he omitted to say that in the 'thirties he would have cracked them through the covers), and why he considers

that legislation is needed to restore ebullient all-round-the-wicket batsmanship.

And after cricket . . . Well, Arenascope has given us a taste of what the winter has in store for televisioners. It is not enough nowadays to show off our sportsmen in an interview; they must appear in uniform and demonstrate some facet of their skill. The footballers wear pumps and play a wretched five-a-side game of back-yard soccer, the motorists climb into immobile cars and show how they adjust their goggles, the golfers drive a few balls into the cameras, and the athletes scamper in and out of their track-suits. I find this exhibitionism rather distressing. Sportsmen, unless they have something important to say, should be seen and not heard, and they should be seen only in their normal surroundings, on the track, in the penalty area and at the wicket.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



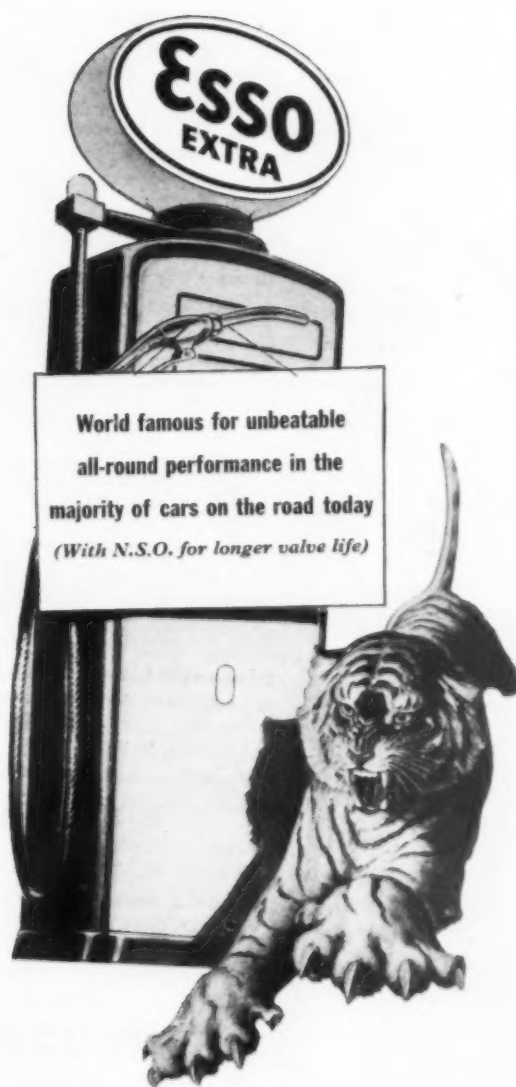
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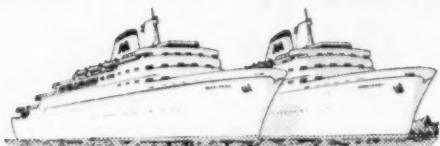
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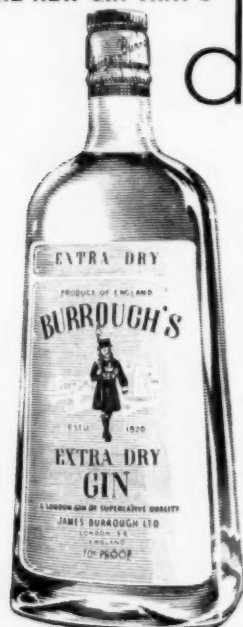
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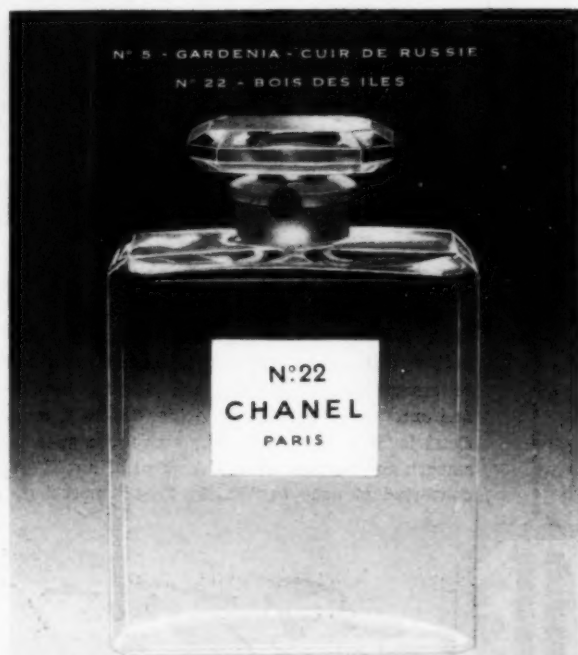
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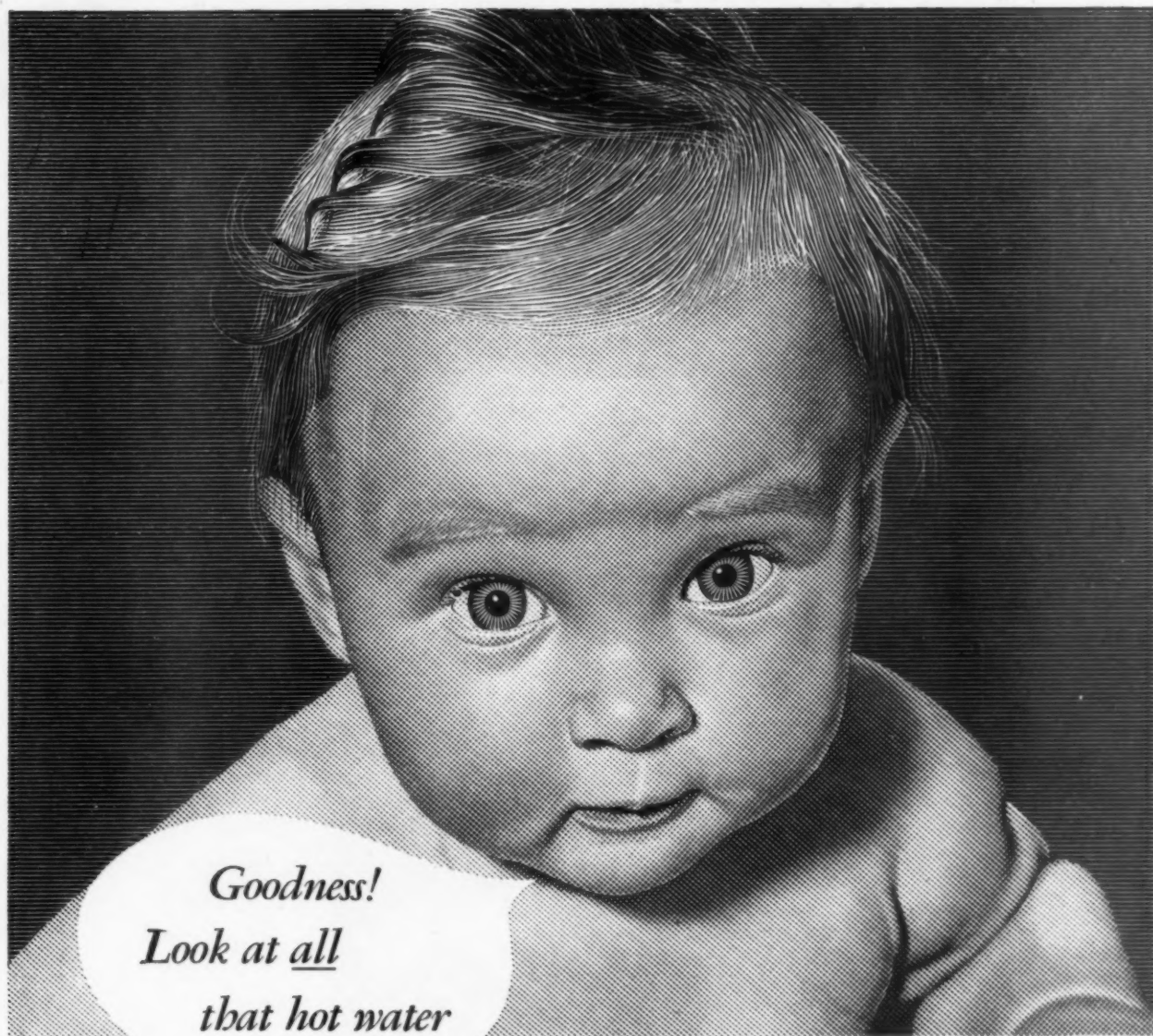
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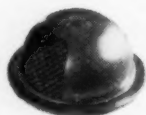
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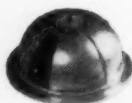
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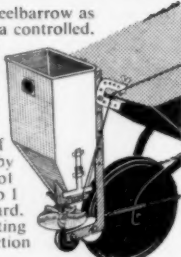


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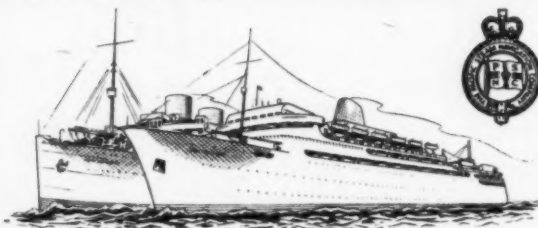
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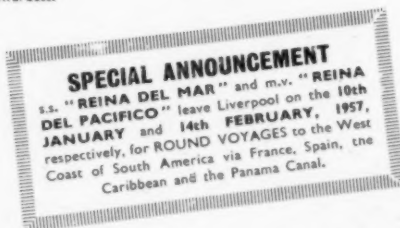
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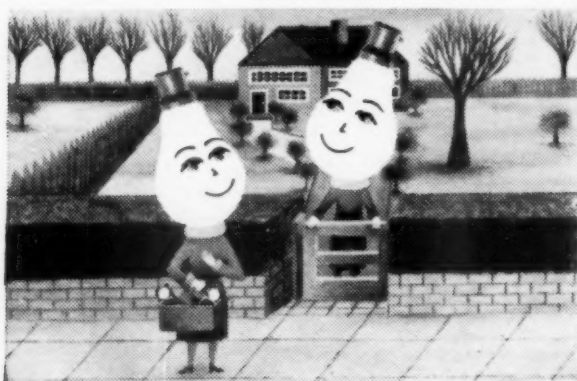
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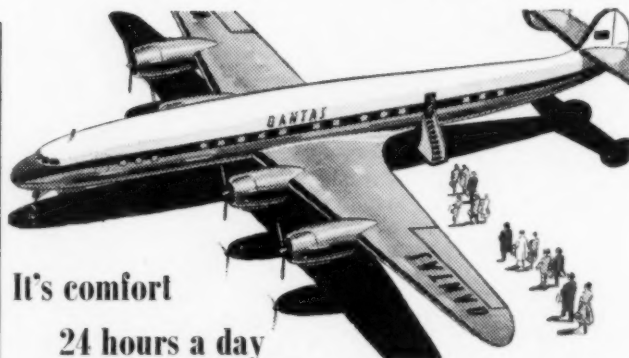
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Sir Compton Mackenzie and Eric Linklater

talk about the whisky valley



'Take this GRANTS STAND FAST we're drinking, Eric. Can you taste the Speyside in it?'

'Indeed I can.'

'I suppose Speyside is the father and mother of good whisky. It's called the WHISKY VALLEY isn't it?'

'Anybody who has lived in the Highlands knows there is a quality about Speyside whiskies which is unmistakable. Grants has it. You can tell it—that's my experience.'

'I think in the end, Eric, it must come down to experience. I mean, I wouldn't be prepared to back my opinion of Stand Fast if I hadn't drunk many other whiskies.'

'That's true. Obviously one's taste progresses. But people should be educated about whisky.'

'Like wines?' suggested Sir Compton.

'That's it exactly. I have always thought of Grants as a name in whisky like the great names in champagne.'

This conversation between Sir Compton Mackenzie and Eric Linklater was recorded at Sir Compton's Edinburgh home

Grants STAND FAST